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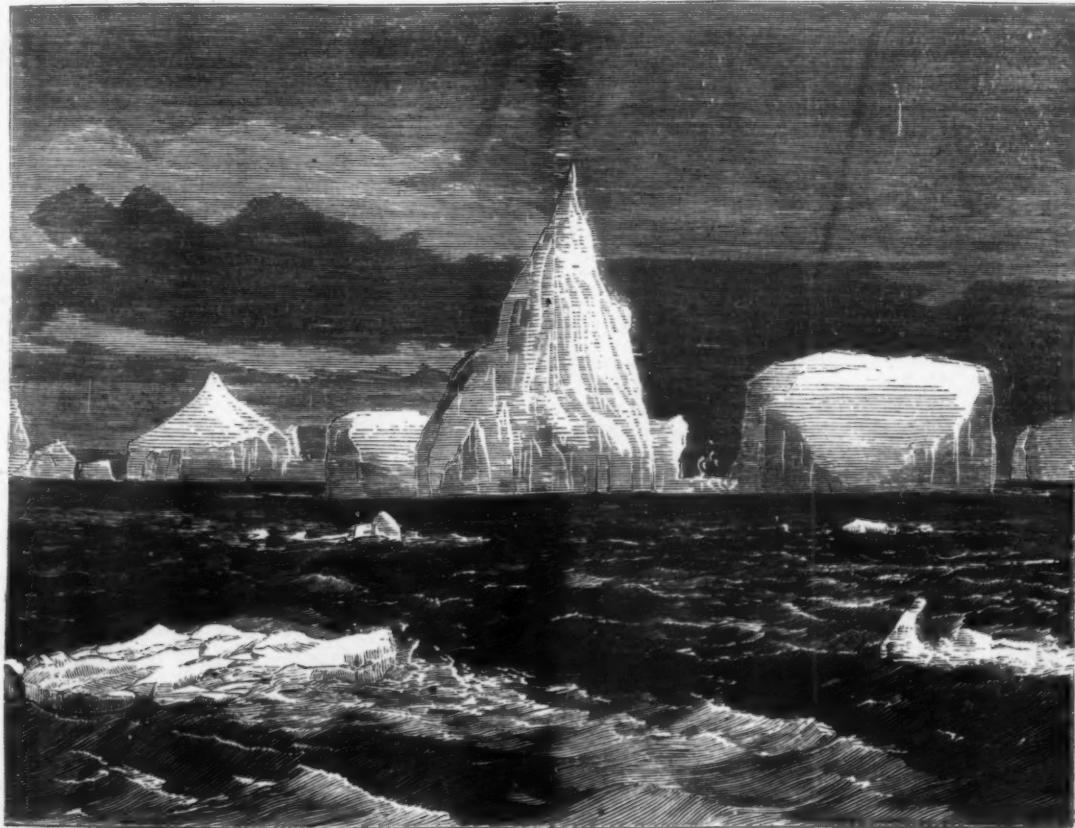
THE POLAR WORLD.

I.

A GLANCE at a map of the Arctic regions shows us that many of the rivers belonging to the three continents—Europe, Asia, America—discharge their waters into the Polar Ocean or its tributary bays. The territory drained by these giant rivers of the North forms, along with the islands within or near the Arctic Circle, the vast region over which the frost-king reigns supreme. This treeless zone bears the name of the "barrens" in North America, and the "tundri" in Siberia and European Russia. The want of trees is caused not so much by its

high northern latitude, as by the cold sea-winds which sweep unchecked on the islands or flat coast-lands of the Polar Ocean, and for miles and miles compel the hardiest plants to crouch before the blast, and creep along the ground.

The very ocean which washes this gloomy coast shows us the Arctic Desert under a form which is at once imposing, majestic, and terrible. On its surface float vast fields, mountains, and banks of ice, far more formidable to the mariner than the typhoons and cyclones



ICEBERGS.

of the torrid zone. These floating ice-mountains proceed from the terrestrial glaciers which, in these latitudes, descend to the margin of the sea, frequently project a considerable distance beyond the coast, and, loosened by their own weight or by the incessant clash and collision of the waves, splinter into enormous fragments. Their outlines are of the most fantastic, and often of the most beautiful, character—old ruined keeps of Norman castles, long lines of frowning battlements, minarets and domes of Moorish mosques, and the tapering spires, arched roofs, and flying buttresses of mediaeval cathedrals. Lit

up by the radiance of an Arctic sun, they wear a most singular and weird beauty, and probably the time may come when the artist will gain that inspiration from their sublime or graceful shapes which he now seeks in the forest, on the sea-shore, or in the pine-clad mountain-glen.

Nothing can be more melancholy than the aspect of the boundless morasses or arid wastes of these frozen regions. Dingy mosses and gray lichens form the chief vegetation; and a few scanty grasses or dwarfish flowers, that may have found a refuge in some more sheltered spot, are unable to relieve the dull monotony of the scene.

In winter, when animal life has mostly retreated to the south, or sought a refuge in burrows or in caves, an awful silence, interrupted only by the hooting of a snow-owl, or the yelping of a fox, reigns over this vast expanse; but in the spring, when the brown earth reappears from under the melted snow, and the swamps begin to thaw, enormous flight of wild-birds appear upon the scene and enliven it for a few months. An admirable instinct leads their winged legions from distant climes to the Arctic wildernesses, where in the morasses and



NATIVES OF POLAR REGIONS.

lakes, on the banks of the rivers, on the flat strands, or along the fish-teeming coasts, they find an abundance of food, and where, at the same time, they can, with greater security, build their nests and rear their young.

While thus the warmth of an Arctic summer attracts myriads of migratory birds to the Arctic wildernesses, shoals of salmon and sturgeon enter the rivers in obedience to the instinct that forces them to quit the seas, for the purpose of depositing their spawn in the tranquil waters of the interior streams and lakes. About this time, the reindeer leaves the forests, to feed on the herbs and lichens of the tundra, and to seek along the shores, fanned by the cool sea-breeze, some protection from the attacks of the stinging flies which rise in myriads from the swamps.

But as soon as the first frost of September announces the approach of winter, all animals, with but few exceptions, hasten to leave a region where the sources of life must soon fail. The geese, ducks, and swans, retire in dense flocks to the south; the strand-birds seek in lower latitudes a softer soil, which allows their sharp beaks to seize a burrowing prey; the water-fowls forsake the bays and channels that will soon be blocked up with ice; the reindeer once more returns to the forests; and in a short time nothing is left that can induce man to stay in the treeless, inhospitable plain. Soon a thick mantle of snow covers the hardened earth, the frozen lake, and ice-bound river, and conceals them all—seven, eight, nine months long—under its monotonous pall, except where the furious north wind sweeps it away, and lays bare the naked rock.

This treeless zone of Europe, Asia, and America, occupies a larger space than the whole of Europe. Even the African Sahara, or the



HOUSES OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

pampas of South-America, are inferior in extent to the Siberian tundri. But the possession of a few hundred square miles of fruitful territory on the southwestern frontiers of his vast empire would be of more service to the czar than that of these boundless wastes, which are tenanted only by a few most wretched pastoral tribes.

Unlike the tropical forests, which are characterized by an immense variety of trees, these northern woods have but a single kind of pine, which only differs in a degree throughout the vast region of its special appropriation. Another distinctive character of the forests of the high latitudes is their apparent youth, so that generally the traveller would hardly suppose them to be more than fifty years, or at most a century, old. The juvenile appearance increases as you go northward, until suddenly their decrepit age is revealed by the thick bushes of lichens, which literally clothe their shrivelled boughs. This phenomenon of youthfulness is explained by the shortness of summer, which, though able to bring forth new shoots, does not last long enough for the formation of wood.

Hence, the growth of trees becomes slower and slower as you advance northward, so that it finally takes four hundred years for the formation of a trunk of a tree no thicker than a man's waist! In the extremest confines of this, as it were, death-blasted region, the woods are reduced to stunted twigs and stems, covered over with the remains of blighted buds that have been unable to form into branches, until finally the arboreal vegetation, vanquished by the continual blasts of winter, seeks refuge under a carpet of lichens and mosses, from which the annual shoots hardly venture to peep forth.

Another peculiarity which distinguishes the forests of the North from those of the tropical world is what may be called their harmless character. No noxious plants occur whose juices are deadly poisons. No venomous snake glides through the thickets, no crocodile lurks in the swamp—the bear, the lynx, and the wolf of the North, are nearly harmless when compared with the lions and tigers of the torrid zone.

When the tropical hurricane sweeps over the virgin forests, it awakens a thousand voices of alarm; but the Arctic storm, however furiously it may blow, scarcely calls forth an echo from the unoccupied and dismal shades of the pine-woods of the North.

The voyages of Belcher and Kane have made us acquainted with the lowest temperature ever felt by man, which was 100° below the freezing-point of water. Then ether becomes solid, and carefully-prepared chloroform exhibits granulation on its surface. The exhalations from the skin invest the exposed or partially-clad parts with a

wreath of vapor. The air has a perceptible pungency upon inspiration, and every one, as it were, breathes guardedly with compressed lips. Whether the temperature of the earth descends still lower on advancing toward the pole, of course is an undecided question. All that is known is, that beyond the Arctic Circle, for the greater part of the year, mercury is converted into a solid body.

It may well be asked how man can live in such an inhospitable clime. It may be justly said, in reply, that he possesses a wonderful power to accommodate himself to every change of climate; but for this he could not be master of the animal creation, or command all the resources of existence furnished by the world.

Thick fur clothing, a hut small and low, where the warmth of a fire, or simply of a train-oil lamp, is husbanded in a narrow space, are



HERD OF REINDEER.

the first requirements to meet the demand on the human constitution. After a few days the body, as the thermometer descends, develops an increasing warmth, for, the air being condensed by the cold, the lungs at every breath inhale a greater quantity of oxygen, which, of course, accelerates the internal process of combustion, while, at the same time, an increasing appetite, gratified by a copious supply of animal food, of flesh and fat, enriches the blood, and enables it to circulate more vigorously. Thus not only the hardy native of the North, but even the healthy traveller, soon gets accustomed to bear the rigors of an Arctic winter.

As a matter of curiosity, Parry will teach how much an Esquimau lad would, if freely supplied, consume in the course of a day. The undermentioned articles were weighed before they were given him, viz.: sea-horse flesh, frozen, four pounds four ounces; boiled do., four pounds four ounces; bread and bread-dust, one pound twelve ounces, besides a fair proportion of fluids, rich gravy, soup; three wine-glasses of raw spirits; strong grog, one tumbler; water, one gallon and one pint. And this enormous amount of solids and fluids was consumed in twenty hours, and was not considered an extraordinary quantity. So much for the savage's stomach. Captain Hall, while employed in his search after the remains of Sir John Franklin, so far acquired this enormous appetite, that he consumed nine pounds of whale and walrus meat a day without inconvenience.

The animal life of the Arctic regions is not without its interest. Particularly as it displays, in a more marked degree than anywhere else, the wonderful wisdom of Providence in so arranging that no part of the creation should be an absolute waste.

The reindeer, which is the "caribou" of our Western plains, has been most properly called the camel of the northern wastes, for he is no less valuable to the Laplander than is the ship of the sunburnt deserts to the wandering Arab. The reindeer is the only member of the numerous deer-family that has been domesticated by man; but, though most useful, he is by no means the most comely of his race. The clear dark eyes have, indeed, a beautiful expression; but it has neither the noble proportions of the stag, nor the grace of the roebuck, and its thick, square-formed body, is far from a model of elegance. Its legs are short and thick; its feet broad, but exceedingly well adapted for walking over the snow or on swampy ground. The front hoofs, which are capable of great lateral expansion, curve upward, while the two secondary ones behind (which are but slightly developed in the fallow-deer and other members of the family) are considerably prolonged: a structure which, by giving the animal a broader base to stand upon, prevents it from sinking too deeply into the snow or the morass. Had the foot of the reindeer been formed like that of our stag, it would have been as unable to drag the Laplander's sledge with such velocity over the yielding snow-fields as the camel would be to perform his long marches through the desert without the broad, elastic sole-pad, on which he firmly paces the unstable sands.

The short legs and broad feet of the reindeer likewise enable it to swim with greater ease—a power of no small importance in countries abounding in rivers and lakes, and where the scarcity of food renders perpetual migrations necessary.

When the reindeer walks, or merely moves, a remarkable clattering sound is heard to some distance, about the cause of which naturalists and travellers by no means agree. Most probably it results from the great length of the two digits of the cloven hoof, which, when the animal sets its foot upon the ground, separate widely, and, when it again raises its hoof, suddenly clap against each other.

A long mane, of a dirty-white color, hangs from the neck of the reindeer. In summer the body is brown above, and white beneath; in winter, long-haired and white.

Its antlers are very different from those of the stag, having broad palmated summits, and branching back to the length of three or four feet. Their weight is frequently very considerable—twenty or twenty-five pounds; and it is remarkable that both sexes have horns, while in all other members of the deer-race the males alone are in possession of this ornament or weapon.

The female brings forth in May a single fawn, rarely two. This is small and weak; but, after a few days, it follows the mother, who suckles her young but a short time, as it is soon able to seek and to find its food.

The reindeer gives very little milk—at the very utmost, after the young has been weaned, a bottleful daily; but the quality is excellent, for it is uncommonly thick and nutritious. It consists almost entirely of cream, so that a great deal of water can be added before it becomes inferior to the best cow-milk. Its taste is excellent, but the butter made from it is rancid, and hardly to be eaten, while the cheese is very good.

The only food of the reindeer during winter consists of moss, and the most surprising circumstance in his history is the instinct, or the extraordinary olfactory powers, whereby he is enabled to discover it when hidden beneath the snow. However deep the *Lichen rangiferinus* may be buried, the animal is aware of its presence the moment he comes to the spot, and this kind of food is never so agreeable to him

as when he digs for it himself. In his manner of doing this he is remarkably adroit. Having first ascertained, by thrusting his muzzle into the snow, whether the moss lies below or not, he begins making a hole with his fore-feet, and continues working until at length he uncovers the lichen. No instance has ever occurred of a reindeer making such a cavity without discovering the moss he seeks. In summer their food is of a different nature; they are then pastured upon green herbs or the leaves of trees. Judging from the lichen's appearance in the hot months, when it is dry and brittle, one might easily wonder that so large a quadruped as the reindeer should make it his favorite food and fatten upon it; but toward the month of September the lichen becomes soft, tender, and damp, with a taste like wheat-bran. In this state its luxuriant and flowery ramifications somewhat resemble the leaves of endive, and are as white as snow.

Though domesticated since time immemorial, the reindeer has only partly been brought under the yoke of man, and wanders in large wild herds, both in the North-American wastes, where it has never yet been reduced to servitude, and in the forests and tundras of the Old World.

In America, where it is called "caribou," it extends from Labrador to Melville Island and Washington Land; in Europe and Asia, it is found from Lapland and Norway, and from the mountains of Mongolia and the banks of the Ufa as far as Novaja and Spitzbergen. Many centuries ago—probably during the glacial period—its range was still more extensive. But even in historical times this species formerly spread over Europe and Asia to a tolerably low latitude. Caesar particularizes it among the animals of the Hercynian Forest. Even at the present day troops of wild reindeer traverse the wooded summits of the prolongation of the Ural Mountains. They advance between the Don and the Volga to the forty-sixth parallel of latitude; and they extend their wanderings even to the foot of the Caucasus, on the banks of the Kouma. But their true habitat is that belt of ice and snow bounded by the Arctic polar circle, or, more properly, by the isothermal line of 0° Centigrade.

The reindeer is easily trained, and soon gets accustomed to its master, whose society it loves, seemingly attracted by an innate sympathy; for, unlike all other domestic animals, it is by no means dependent upon man for subsistence, but provides its nourishment by its own exertions, and wanders about freely, in summer and winter, without being held by the enclosure of fence or stable. These qualities are inestimable in countries where it would be impossible to keep any domestic animal requiring shelter and stores of provisions during the long winter months, and make the reindeer the fit companion of the northern nomad, whose simple wants it almost wholly supplies.

During his wanderings the reindeer carries the tent and scanty household furniture, or drags his sledge over the snow. On account of the weakness of the backbone, it is less fit for riding, and requires to be mounted with care, as a violent shock easily dislocates the vertebral column. You would hardly suppose the reindeer to be the same animal when creeping along under a rider's weight, as when, unencumbered by a load, it vaults with the lightness of a bird over the obstacles in its way to obey the call of its master.

Nature has fortunately provided that the reindeer cannot flourish under cruel treatment; he becomes worthless, if badly used. When forced to drag too heavy a load, or taxed in any way above its strength, it will turn upon its tyrant and attack him with horns and fore-feet. The persecutor, to save himself from the reindeer's fury, is obliged to turn over his sledge and seek a refuge under its protection, until the anger of the animal is abated.

Every part of the body of the reindeer is useful after death. The flesh is excellent. The blood, of which not a drop is allowed to escape, is drunk warm, or made into puddings. The skin is used for clothing and tents; the bones for spoons and knife-handles. Clothing made of the skin is so impervious to the cold that, with the addition of a blanket of the same material, any one so clothed may bivouac on the snow with safety in the most intense cold of an Arctic winter's night. The horns are made into household utensils, or, with the hoofs, sold to the Chinese for glue, and nutritious jellies. Thus the coconut-palm, the tree of a hundred uses, hardly renders a greater variety of services to the islanders of the Indian Ocean, than does the reindeer to the natives of his frozen home, and, to the honor of the barbarians who are so indebted to the animal, they appreciate his services and treat him as an invaluable friend and companion, and bestow upon him a grateful affection, which example might be copied by the most civilized peoples in their treatment of useful domestic animals.

THE LADY OF THE ICE.*

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB ABROAD,"
"CORD AND CREST," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—HOME AGAIN.—THE GROWLS OF A CONFIRMED GROWLER.—HOSPITALITY.—THE WELL-KNOWN ROOM.—VISION OF A LADY.—ALONE WITH MARION.—INTERCHANGE OF THOUGHT AND SENTIMENT.—TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—AN EVENING TO BE REMEMBERED.—THE CONVIVIALITY OF O'HALLORAN.—THE HUMORS OF O'HALLORAN, AND HIS BACCHIC JOY.

We all hurried away from the ground as rapidly as possible, and soon reached the *Hôtel de France*. It was small, stuffy, and rather close, but, to people in our half-frozen condition, the big Canadian stove was a blessing beyond words. O'Halloran seemed like an *habitué* of the place, judging by the way he button-holed the landlord, and by the success with which he obtained "somethin' warrum" for the company. But the *Hôtel de France* was not a place where one might linger; and so, after waiting long enough to allow the heat of the Canadian stove to penetrate us, aided by the blended power of "somethin' warrum"—and long enough also to give oats to the horses, which, after all, must have had the worst of it—poor devils!—we started and dragged on to the town.

All this time O'Halloran did not appear to have recognized Jack at all. On the drive out this might have been accounted for, but, in the *Hôtel de France*, O'Halloran had a full and perfect inspection of him. If he did recognize him, it certainly did not appear in his manner. He exchanged words with Jack in a tone of hilarious cordiality, which did not seem as though he considered Jack an enemy; and Jack, who never failed to respond when greeted in such a way, met him more than half-way. It was evident that O'Halloran had not the smallest idea that Jack was that identical British officer whom he had expelled from his house.

Of all the party the doctor seemed to have suffered most; and, on the journey back, he kept up one prolonged growl at me. I was fated, he said, to bring him bad luck, and I would be the death of him. Once before he had ridden all night in the storm for me; and now here was another fool's errand. He seemed inclined to consider it as a personal insult, and actually felt aggrieved because O'Halloran's bullet had not shattered my arm, or penetrated my brain. Thus he alternated between shivering and swearing all the way back.

"I tell you what it is, Macrorie," he growled, "if you ever come to ask my help again on any occasion whatever, I'll take it as a personal insult. I wouldn't have come this time, but I thought it was to be an affair of honor. An affair of honor! Rot and nonsense! Dragging a fellow over the country all day to see a couple of pistols fired in the air! What sort of a thing do you call that? And here am I—in for it—yes—damn it, man!—I say again—in for it—to any extent—rheumatism, neuralgia, gout, inflammation, and fifty other things! If I thought you'd have any of them, I'd feel satisfied. But no—you're all right, and can afford to sit there grinning at the sufferings of a 'better man than yourself.'

From which it will appear that the doctor was savage, and I was not.

On reaching Quebec, O'Halloran gave us all a comprehensive invitation to dinner.

But the doctor could not accept it. He had taken cold, and would have to go home. Jack could not accept it. He had a very pressing engagement. Mr. McGinty could not accept it, for he had some important business. So O'Halloran pressed me. I alone was disengaged. I had no rheumatism, no pressing engagement, no important business. O'Halloran was urgent in his invitation. Our duel seemed only to have heightened and broadened his cordiality. I was dying to see Marion—or to find out how she was—so what did I do? Why, I leaped at the invitation as a matter of course.

So once more I was ushered into that comfortable and hospitable back-parlor. Since I had been there last, what events had occurred! O'Halloran left me for a time, and I was alone. I sat down, and thought of that night when I had wandered forth. I thought of all the wild fancies that had filled my brain, as I wandered about amid

the storm, listening to the howl of the wind, and the deep, sullen moan of the river. I recalled that strange, weird superstition, which had drawn me back once more to the house—and the deep longing and craving which had filled my heart for one glimpse, however faint, of my Lady of the Ice. I thought of my return—of my earnest gaze around, of the deep toll of the midnight bell, and of the sudden revelation of that dim, shadowy figure of a veiled lady, that stood in faint outline by the house, which advanced to meet me as I hurried over to her.

It was quite dark. There were no lamps lighted, but the coal-fire flickered and threw a ruddy glow about the apartment; at times leaping up into brightness, and again dying down into dimness and obscurity. O'Halloran had gone up-stairs, leaving me thus alone, and I sat in the deep arm-chair with my mind full of these all-absorbing fancies; and, in the midst of these fancies, even while I was thinking of that veiled figure which I had seen under the shadow of the house—even thus—I became aware of a light footfall, and a rustling dress beside me.

I turned my head with a quick movement of surprise.

There was the figure of a lady—graceful, slender, formed in a mould of perfect elegance and loveliness, the dark drapery of her dress descending till it died away among the shadows on the floor. I stared for a moment in surprise. Then the light of the fire, which had subsided for a moment, leaped up, and flashed out upon the exquisite features, and the dark, lustrous, solemn eyes of Marion.

I sprang to my feet, with my heart beating so fast that it seemed impossible to breathe. The surprise was overwhelming. I had thought of her as raving in brain-fever, descending deep down into the abyss of delirium, and now—here she was—here—by my side!—my Lady of the Ice!—Marion!

"I heard that you were here," she said, in a low, tremulous voice, "and I could not help coming down to tell you how I—how I bless you for—for that night."

She stopped—and held out her hand in silence.

I seized it in both of mine. For a few moments I could not speak. At last I burst forth:

"Oh, my God! What bliss it is for me to see you!—I've been thinking about it ever since—I've been afraid that you were ill—that you would never get over it."

And still holding her hand in mine, I raised it with tremulous eagerness, and pressed it to my lips.

She gently withdrew it, but without any appearance of anger.

"No," said she, "I was not ill. A wakeful night, a very feverish excitement—that was all."

"I listened long after you left," said I, in a low voice; "and all was still."

"Yes," she said, in the same low voice. "No one heard me. I reached my room without any one knowing it. But I had much to sustain me. For oh, sir, I felt deeply, deeply grateful to find myself back again, and to know that my folly had ended so. To be again in my dear home—with my dear papa—after the anguish that I had known!"

She stopped.—It was a subject that she could not speak on without an emotion that was visible in every tone. Her voice was sad, and low, and solemn, and all its intonations thrilled to the very core of my being. And for me—I had nothing to say—I thrilled, my heart bounded at the sight of her face, and at the tones of her voice; while within me there was a great and unspeakable joy. If I had dared to say to her all that I felt at that moment! But how dare I? She had come in the fulness of her warm gratitude to thank me for what I had done. She did not seem to think that, but for me, she would not have left her home at all. She only remembered that I had brought her back. It was thus that her generous nature revealed itself.

Now, while she thus expressed such deep and fervent gratitude, and evinced such joy at being again in her home, and at finding such an ending to her folly, there came to me a great and unequalled exultation. For by this I understood that her folly was cured—that her infatuation was over—that the glamour had been dissipated—that her eyes had been opened—and the once-adored Jack was now an object of indifference.

"Have you told any one about it?" I asked.

"No," said she, "not a soul."

"He is my most intimate friend," said I, "but I have kept this secret from him. He knows nothing about it."

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"Of course he does not," said she, "how was it possible for you to tell him? This is *our secret*."

I cannot tell the soft, sweet, and soothing consolation which penetrated my inmost soul at these words. Though few, they had a world of meaning. I noticed with delight the cool indifference with which she spoke of him. Had she expressed contempt, I should not have been so well pleased. Perfect indifference was what I wanted, and what I found. Then, again, she acknowledged me as the only partner in her secret, thus associating me with herself in one memorable and impressive way. Nor yet did she ask any questions as to whom I meant. Her indifference to him was so great that it did not even excite curiosity as to how I had found out who he was. She was content to take my own statement without any questions or observations.

And there, as the flickering light of the coal-fire sprang up and died out; as it threw from time to time the ruddy glow of its uprising flames upon her, she stood before me—a vision of perfect loveliness—like a goddess to the devotee, which appears for an instant amid the glow of some mysterious light, only to fade out of sight a moment after. The rare and perfect grace of her slender figure, with its dark drapery, fading into the gloom below—the fair outline of her face—her sad, earnest, and melancholy expression; the intense and solemn earnestness of her dark, lustrous eyes—all these conspired to form a vision such as impressed itself upon my memory forever. This was the full realization of my eager fancy—this was what I had so longed to see. I had formed my own ideal of my Lady of the Ice—in private life—in the parlor—meeting me in the world of society. And here before me that ideal stood.

Now, it gives a very singular sensation to a fellow to stand face to face with the woman whom he worships and adores, and to whom he dares not make known the feelings that swell within him; and still more singular is this sensation, when this woman, whom he adores, happens to be one whom he has carried in his arms for an indefinite time; and more singular yet is it, when she happens to be one whom he has saved once, and once again, from the most cruel fate; by whose side he has stood in what may have seemed the supreme moment of mortal life; whom he has sustained and cheered and strengthened in a dread conflict with Death himself; singular enough is the sensation that arises under such circumstances as these, my boy—singular, and overwhelming, and intolerable; a sensation which paralyzes the tongue and makes one mute, yet still brings on a restless and invincible desire to speak and make all known; and should such a scene be too long continued, the probability is that the desire and the longing thus to speak will eventually burst through all restraint, and pour forth in a volume of fierce, passionate eloquence, that will rush onward, careless of consequences. Now, such was my situation, and such was my sensation, and such, no doubt, would have been the end of it all, had not the scene been brought to an end by the arrival of O'Halloran and his wife, preceded by a servant with lights, who soon put the room in a state of illumination.

Nora, as I must still call her, was somewhat embarrassed at first meeting me—for she could not forget our last interview; but she gradually got over it, and, as the evening wore on, she became her old, lively, laughing, original self. O'Halloran, too, was in his best and most genial mood, and, as I caught at times the solemn glance of the dark eyes of Marion, I found not a cloud upon the sky that overhung our festivities. Marion, too, had more to say than usual. She was no longer so self-absorbed, and so abstracted, as she once was. She was not playful and lively like Nora; but she was, at least, not sad; she showed an interest in all that was going on, and no longer dwelt apart like a star.

It was evident that Nora knew nothing at all about the duel. That was a secret between O'Halloran and me. It was also evident that she knew nothing about Marion's adventure—that was a secret between Marion and me. There was another secret, also, which puzzled me, and of which O'Halloran must, of course, have known as little as I did, and this was that strange act of Nora's in pretending to be the Lady of the Ice. Why had she done it? For what possible reason? Why had Marion allowed her to do it? All this was a mystery. I also wondered much whether she thought that I still believed in that pretence of hers. I thought she did, and attributed to this that embarrassment which she showed when she first greeted me. On this, as on the former occasion, her embarrassment had, no doubt, arisen from the fact that she was playing a part, and the con-

sciousness that such a part was altogether out of her power to maintain. Yet, why had she done it?

That evening I had a better opportunity to compare these two most beautiful women; for beautiful each most certainly was, though in a different way from the other. I had already felt on a former occasion the bewitching effect of Nora's manner, and I had also felt to a peculiar and memorable extent that spell which had been cast upon me by Marion's glance. Now I could understand the difference between them and my own feelings. For in witchery, in liveliness, in musical laughter, in never-failing merriment, Nora far surpassed all with whom I had ever met; and for all these reasons she had in her a rare power of fascination. But Marion was solemn, earnest, intense; and there was that on her face which sent my blood surging back to my heart, as I caught her glance. Nora was a woman to laugh and chat with; Nora was kind and gracious, and gentle too; Nora was amiable as well as witty; charming in manner, piquant in expression, imitable at an anecdote, with never-failing resources, a first-rate lady-conversationist, if I may use so formidable a word—in fact, a thoroughly fascinating woman; but Marion!—Marion was one, not to laugh with, but to die for; Marion had a face that haunted you; a glance that made your heart leap, and your nerves tingle; a voice whose deep intonations vibrated through all your being with a certain mystic meaning, to follow you after you had left her, and come up again in your thoughts by day, and your dreams by night—Marion! why Nora could be surveyed calmly, and all her fascinating power analyzed; but Marion was a power in herself, who bewildered you and defied analysis.

During that time when Nora had been confounded in my mind with the Lady of the Ice, she had indeed risen to the chief place in my thoughts, though my mind still failed to identify her thoroughly. I had thought that I loved her, but I had not. It was the Lady of the Ice whom I loved; and, when Marion had revealed herself, then all was plain. After that revelation Nora sank into nothingness, and Marion was all in all.

Oh, that evening, in that pleasant parlor! Shall I ever forget it!

Our talk was on all things. Of course, I made no allusion to my journey over the ice, and Nora soon saw that she was free from any such unpleasant and embarrassing remarks. Freed from this fear, she became herself again. Never was she more vivacious, more sparkling, or more charming. O'Halloran joined the conversation in a manner that showed the rarest resources of wit, of fun, and of genial humor. Marion, as I said before, did not hold aloof, but took a part which was subordinate, it is true, yet, to me, far more effective; indeed, incomparably more so than that of the others. Indeed, I remember now nothing else but Marion.

So the evening passed, and at length the ladies retired. Nora bade me adieu with her usual cordiality, and her kindly and bewitching glance; while Marion's eyes threw upon me their lustrous glow, in which there was revealed a certain deep and solemn earnestness, that only intensified, if such a thing were possible, the spell which she had thrown over my soul.

And then it was "somethin' warrum." Under the effects of this, my host passed through several distinct and well-defined moods or phases.

First of all, he was excessively friendly and affectionate. He alluded to our late adventure, and expressed himself delighted with the result.

Then he became confidential, and explained how it was that he, an old man, happened to have a young wife.

Fifteen years ago, he said, Nora had been left, under his care by her father. She had lived in England all her life, where she had been educated. Shortly after he had become her guardian he had been compelled to fly to America, on account of his connection with the Young-Ireland party, of which he was a prominent member. He had been one of the most vigorous writers in one of the Dublin papers, which was most hostile to British rule, and was therefore a marked man. As he did not care about imprisonment or a voyage to Botany Bay, he had come to America, bringing with him his ward Nora, and his little daughter Marion, then a child of not more than three or four. By this act he had saved himself and his property, which was amply sufficient for his support. A few years passed away, and he found his feelings toward Nora somewhat different from those of a parent—and he also observed that Nora looked upon him with tenderer feelings than those of gratitude.

"There's a great difference intirely," said he, "between us now. I've lost my youth, but she's kept hers. But thin, at that time, me boy, Phaylin O'Halloran was a moightly different man from the one you see before you. I was not much over forty—in me prime—feeling as young as any of them, an' it wasn't an unnatural thing that I should win the love of ayen a young gyerrul, so it wasn't. An' so she became me wiffo—my Nora—me darlin'—the loight of me life. And she's accompanied me ever since on all my wandherin's and pheandherin's, and has made the home of the poor ixoile a paradoise, so she has."

All this was very confidential, and such a confidence would probably never have been given, had it not been for the effects of "some-thin' warrum;" but it showed me several things in the plainest manner. The first was, that Nora must be over thirty, at any rate, and was therefore very much older than I had taken her to be. Again, her English accent and style could be accounted for; and finally the equally English accent and style of Marion could be understood and accounted for on the grounds of Nora's influence. For a child always catches the accent of its mother rather than of its father, and Nora, must, for nearly fifteen years, have been a sort of mother, more or less, to Marion.

And now, why the mischief did Nora pretend to be my Lady of the Ioe, and in the very presence of Marion try to maintain a part which she could not carry out? And why, if she were such a loving and faithful wife, did she deliberately deceive the confiding O'Halloran, and make him believe that she was the one whom I had saved? It was certainly not from any want of love for him. It must have been some scheme of hers which she had formed in connection with Marion. But what in the world could such a scheme have been, and why in the world had she formed it?

This was the puzzling question that arose afresh, as O'Halloran detailed to me very confidentially the history of this romantic experience in his life.

But this was only one of his moods, and this mood passed away. The romantic and the confidential was succeeded by the literary and the scholastic, with a dash of the humorous.

A trivial remark of mine, in the course of some literary criticisms of his, turned his thoughts to the subject of puns. He at once plunged into the history of puns. He quoted Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, Cicero. He brought forward illustrations from Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, Puritan writers, Congreve, Cowper, and others, until he concluded with Hood, who he declared had first unfolded to the human mind the possibility of the pun.

From this he passed off lightly and easily into other things, and finally glided into the subject of mediæval Latin. This, he asserted, was born and nourished under peculiar circumstances, so different from classical Latin as to be almost a new language, yet fully equal to it in all the best characteristics of a language. He defied me to find any thing in classical poetry that would compare with the "Dies Irae," the "Stabat Mater," or the "Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix." As I was and am rather rusty in Latin, I did not accept the challenge. Then he asserted that mediæval Latin was so comprehensive in its scope that it was equally good for the convivial and for the solemn, and could speak equally well the sentiments of fun, love, apid religion. He proved this by quotations from the immortal Walter Mapes. He overwhelmed me, in fact, with quotations. I caved in. I was suppressed. I became extinct. Finally he offered to show me an original song of his own, which he asserted was "imminently shooted to the print occasion."

As I had no other way of showing my opinion of it, I begged the paper from him, and give here a true copy of it, *verbatim et literatim*, notes and all:

PHELIMII HALLORANII CARMEN.

Omnibus Hibernicis
Semper est ex more
Vino caras pellere
Aut montano rore; *
Is qui nescit bibere,
Aut est cito satur,
Ille, Pol! me judice
Parvus est potator.†

* *Montano rore*—cf. id. Hib., *mountain-dew*; item, id. Scot., Hib., et Amer., *whiskey*.

† *Purpus potator*—cf. id. Amer., *small potater*.

Omnibus Americis
Semper est in ore
Tuba, frondes habens ex
Nicotino flore;
Denis funi nubibus
Et vivunt et movent,
Hoc est summum gaudium
Sic Te Bacche! fovent.*

Omnis tunc Hibernicus
Migret sine mora,
Veniat Americanam
Vivat hac in ora,
Nostram Baccam capiat, †
Et montanum rorem,
Erit, Pol! Americus;‡
In secula seculorum.
Amen.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—FROM APRIL TO JUNE.—TEMPORA MUTANTUR, ET NOS MUTAMUR IN ILLIS.—STARTLING CHANGE IN MARIION!—AND WHY?—JACK AND HIS WOES.—THE VENGEANCE OF MISS PHILLIPS.—LADIES WHO REFUSE TO ALLOW THEIR HEARTS TO BE BROKEN.—NOBLE ATTITUDE OF THE WIDOW CONSOLATIONS OF LOUIE.

TIME passed on, and weeks succeeded to weeks, without any occurrence of a decisive nature. April died out, May passed, and June came. Then all the trees burst into leaf, and the fields arrayed themselves in green, and all Nature gave one grand leap from winter into summer.

During all this time I was a constant and a favored guest at O'Halloran's. I really don't think I ever went anywhere else. I cut off all visits to others—that is, in the evening—and went there only. O'Halloran always received me with the same cordiality, and the ladies always met me with the same smile.

So many evenings in that comfortable parlor, so many chats with the ladies, so many interviews with my host, could not fail to bring us nearer together. Such was, indeed, the case with O'Halloran and Nora; but with Marion it was different. There was, indeed, between us the consciousness of a common secret, and she could not fail to see in my manner something warmer than common—something more tender than friendship, for instance—something, in fact, which, without being at all spoony, was still expressive of very delicate regard. Yet there came over her something which excited my fears, and filled me with gloomy forebodings. She seemed to lose that cordiality which she evinced on that first evening when I talked with her alone. She never threw at me those deep glances which then had made my nerves tingle. She seemed constrained and reserved. Only in speaking to me, there was always in her voice an indefinable sweetness and gentleness, which made her tones ring in my memory afterward like soft music. That showed me that there was no coldness on her part; and so, too, when I did catch at times the glance of her dark eyes, there was something in them so timid, so soft, and so shy, that I could not think of her as wearying of me. Yet this Marion, timid, tender, and shy; this Marion, holding aloof under evident constraint, keeping apart, giving me no opportunity; this Marion, who had now exchanged the intensity and the solemnity of former days for something so very different—became a puzzle to me.

Why had she changed? Was it her returning regard for Jack? Impossible. His name had several times been mentioned without causing any emotion in her. His approaching marriage with Mrs. Finnimore had once been mentioned by Nora, who spoke of it as an interesting item of news. Marion heard it with indifference. Or was she trying to withdraw from any further intimacy with me? Was she suspicious of my intentions, and desirous of giving me no hope? Was she trying to repel me at the outset? It seemed so. And so a great fear gradually arose in my heart.

So went the time away, and toward the latter part of May and the beginning of June I used to take the ladies out driving, hoping that these new circumstances might elicit some show of cordiality in Marion. But this proved a complete failure; for, the closer we were thrown together, the greater seemed her shy reticence, her timid reserve, and her soft and gentle yet persistent manner of keeping me at a distance.

* *Te Bacche*—cf. id. Amer., *Tebacy*, i. e., *tobacco*.

† *Baccam*—in America vulgo dici solet, *Backy*.

‡ *Americus*—cf. id. Amer., *a merry cuss*.

And so, here was I. I had found my Lady of the Ice; yet no sooner had I found her than she withdrew herself to an inaccessible height, and seemed now as far out of my reach as on that eventful morning when I sought her at the hut at Montmorency, and found that she had fled.

Spending so much time as I did at O'Halloran's, I did not see so much of Jack as before; yet he used to drop in from time to time in the morning, and pour forth the sorrows of his soul.

Marion's name he never mentioned. Either he had forgotten all about her, which was not improbable; or the subject was too painful a one for him to touch upon, which also was not improbable; or, finally, her affair became overshadowed by other and weightier matters, which was in the highest degree natural.

His first great trouble arose from the action of Miss Phillips.

He had gone there a second time to call, and had again been told that she was not at home. He turned away vowing vengeance, but in the following morning found that vengeance was out of the question; for he received a parcel, containing all the letters which he had ever written to Miss Phillips, and all the presents that he had ever given her, with a polite note, requesting the return of her letters. This was a blow that he was not prepared for. It struck home. However, there was no help for it—so he returned her letters, and then came to me with all kinds of vague threats.

Such threats, however, could not be carried out; and as for Miss Phillips, she was quite beyond the reach of them. She accepted the situation wonderfully well. She did more—she triumphed over it. In a short time she had others at her feet, prominent among whom was Colonel Blount—a dashing officer, a Victoria Cross, and a noble fellow in every respect. Thus Miss Phillips revenged herself on Jack. She tossed him aside coolly and contemptuously, and replaced him with a man whom Jack himself felt to be his superior. And all this was gall and wormwood to Jack. And, what was more, he was devoured with jealousy.

The worst thing about it all, however, was the crushing blow which it gave to his self-love. I am inclined to think that he was very much taken down, on one occasion, when I informed him incidentally that Marion was in excellent spirits, and was said to be in better health than she had known for years. Miss Phillips's policy, however, was a severer blow. For it had all along been his firm belief that his tangled love-affairs could not end without a broken heart, or melancholy madness, or life-long sorrow, or even death, to one or more of his victims. To save them from such a fate, he talked of suicide. All this was highly romantic, fearfully melodramatic, and even mys-

teriously tragic. But, unfortunately for Jack's self-conceit, the event did not coincide with these highly-colored views. The ladies refused to break their hearts. Those organs, however susceptible and tender they may have been, beat bravely on. Number Three viewed him with indifference. Miss Phillips coolly and contemptuously cast him off, and at once found new consolation in the devotion of another. Broken hearts! Melancholy madness! Life-long sorrow! Not they, indeed. They didn't think of him. They didn't confide their wrongs to any avenger. No brother or other male relative sent Jack a challenge. He was simply dropped. He was forgotten. Now any one may see the chagrin which such humiliation must have caused to one of Jack's

* temper.

And how did the widow treat Jack all this time? The widow! She was sublime; for she showed at once the fostering care of a mother, and the forgiveness of a saint. Forgiveness? That's not the word. I am wrong. She showed nothing of the kind. On the contrary, she evinced no consciousness whatever that any offence had been committed. If Jack had deceived her as to Miss Phillips, she showed no knowledge of such deceit; if he had formed other entanglements of which he had never told her, she never let him know whether she had found out or not; if Jack went every evening to console himself with Louie, any discovery which the widow may have made of so very interesting yet transparent a fact was never alluded to by her. Such was the lofty ground which the widow took in reference to Jack and his affairs, and such was the manner with which she viewed him and them—a manner elevated, serene, calm, untroubled—a manner always the same. For she seemed above all care for such things. Too high-minded, you know. Too lofty in soul, my boy, and all that sort of thing. Like some tall cliff that rears its awful form,

swells from the vale, and midway cleaves the storm, and all the rest of it. Such was the demeanor of the widow Finnimore.

She was so kind and cordial that Jack had not a word to say. After a few days of absence, during which he had not dared to call on her, he had ventured back, and was greeted with the gentlest of reproaches for his neglect, and was treated with an elaboration of kindness that was positively crushing. So he had to go, and to keep going. She would not suffer a single cloud to arise between them. An unvarying sweetness diffused itself evermore over her very pretty face, and through all the tones of her very musical voice. And so Jack was held fast, bound by invisible yet infrangible bonds, and his soul was kept in complete subjection by the superior ascendancy of the widow. So he went to see her every day. About six, generally dined there.



And holding her hand in mine, I raised it with tremulous eagerness, and pressed it to my lips."—Chapter XXXII.

Always left at eight, or just as dinner was over. Not much time for tenderness, of course. Jack didn't feel particularly inclined for that sort of thing. The widow, on the other hand, did not lay any stress on that, nor did she allow herself to suspect that Jack was altogether too cold for a lover. Not she. Beaming, my boy. All smiles, you know. Always the same. Glad to see him when he came—a pleasant smile of adieu at parting. In fact, altogether a model *fiancée*, such as is not often met with in this vale of tears.

Now always, after leaving this good, kind, smiling, cordial, pretty, clever, fascinating, serene, accomplished, hospitable, and altogether unparalleled widow, Jack would calmly, quietly, and deliberately go over to the Bertoins', and stay there as long as he could. What for? Was he not merely heaping up sorrow for himself in continuing so ardently this Platonic attachment? For Louie there was no danger. According to Jack, she still kept up her teasing, quizzing, and laughing mood. Jack's break-up with Miss Phillips was a joke. He had confided to her that he had also broken off with Number Three; and, though she could not find out the cause, this became another joke. Finally, his present attitude with regard to the widow was viewed by her as the best joke of all. She assured him that the widow was to be his fate, and that she had driven the others from the field, so as to have him exclusively to herself.

And thus Jack alternated and vibrated between the widow and Louie, and all his entanglements were now reduced to these two.

Such is a full, frank, fair, free, ample, lucid, and luminous explanation of the progress of affairs, which explanation was necessary in order to make the reader fully understand the full meaning of what follows.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LISBON AND THE PORTUGUESE.

BY A RECENT ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

THE Rev. Alfred Charles Smith is an English clergyman, an experienced traveller, who visited Portugal in search of a mild climate in the spring of 1869, and has narrated his adventures in an unpretending and interesting manner. We compile from his volume the following account of Lisbon, and the national character of the people:

FIRST VIEW OF LISBON.

And now we have passed the picturesque tower of Belem, conspicuously projecting into the river, and the whole view of Lisbon bursts upon our sight. It is a noble view, and worthy to be compared with that of Genoa or Naples from the sea; and I do not think we were at all prepared to see so large or so magnificent a city. Built, like all the other large towns of Portugal, on steep hills, the houses rising tier above tier from the water's edge to the extreme summit, and stretching along the river's bank for nearly five English miles in length, the whole city is comprehended in a single glance, and so looks very imposing and much larger than it really is. Doubtless the brilliant sunshine must be taken into account as we appraise the value of our picture, for even Lisbon would not show to advantage in a London fog, but then no such phenomenon peculiar to the Thames has ever appeared upon the Tagus; and we may take it for granted that the brightest and clearest of skies is the normal atmospheric condition of the Portuguese capital. Even the cynical Childe Harold, who is by no means flattering to this country, was forced to exclaim, as the brilliant city burst upon his view—

"What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!
Her image floating in that noble tide
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold."

THE GALLEGOS, OR PORTERS.

Their mode of carrying heavy burdens is very ingenious: each man is provided with a tightly-made straw collar covered with cloth, and shaped like a horse-shoe; this he places round his neck, the open part in front; then, when they have collected the heavy goods they are about to carry, it may be a cask, or a large bale of merchandise, or four or five large boxes, these are rapidly tied together with cord, and suspended from a pole, which, pressing upon their straw collars, is carried slowly along between two Gallegos; and it is astonishing what heavy weights these sturdy porters will convey up and down the streets of Lisbon, where wagons and carts are still almost unknown, and where, within a very short time, wheels were seldom seen. But though

all kinds of goods are thus conveyed on the shoulders of the Gallego, his principal business is to carry the water from the fountains throughout the city. Now, there are many noble fountains scattered about the town, but as yet there is no system of supplying the houses by means of pipes, and cisterns, and taps—no water company to insure a constant supply of that invaluable element. Therefore, around all the fountains, and from early morning to night, the stranger will be interested to watch crowds of these patient Gallegos sitting in rows on their gayly-painted water-casks, chatting in merry mood, and scrupulously waiting their turns to fill their casks, and then trotting off with their burden on their shoulder, upon which a white cloth has been previously doubled, some of them to supply private houses, and some to cry "aguia" through the streets, amid this water-drinking people, not unlike the *Sakka*, who, with goatskin on back, and brass cup in hand, sings "moia" in the streets of Cairo.

Now, these Gallegos are in reality Galicians from the north of Spain; but, like the Swiss of old, they expatriate themselves with a view to collecting money, and have voluntarily become the "helots" or the "Gibeonites" of Lisbon, veritable hewers of wood, and drawers of water; nay, so thoroughly have they assumed this position, that the proud Portuguese beggar despises to interfere with an occupation fitted only for slaves, and, as he shrugs his shoulders, exclaims in the well-known proverb, "The Almighty made the Portuguese first, and then made the Gallego to wait upon him." Methinks, however, that the despised Gallego has the best of the argument, as he pockets the affront and jingles the money he is collecting wherewith to retire to his native mountains and end his days in comfort, and whispers to himself, *sotto voce*, in the proverb he knows so well, "We are God's people; it is their water, but we sell it them."

CARTS IN LISBON.

I have said that there are few carts in Lisbon, but nothing will rivet the attention of the newly-landed traveller more than the sight which will soon catch his eye of some antiquated *plastrum* moving slowly through the streets. These ancient and most clumsy but picturesque vehicles can never have altered their shape since the days of Virgil, and assuredly, from the indescribable groaning and squeaking they emit in all other places save the capital (where such music is now forbidden under the penalty of a heavy fine), they still deserve the epithets bestowed by that poet, "*Stridentia, gementia plautra*." Their peculiarity consists in the ponderous axle, to which heavy solid wheels without spokes are firmly fixed, and which revolves with the wheels, without labor and pain; add to this a few planks for the bed, with or without sides as the case may be, a long pole and an elaborately-carved yoke, a pair of cream or dun colored oxen, and a picturesque carter, armed with a long ox-goad, and dressed in various-colored garments, and we have before us the identical cart which not only Virgil and Juvenal have described, but which Homer too has portrayed, and of which we may see an exact representation taken from a bass-relief at Rouen, and equally applicable to the antique wain of Homer and Virgil, or the modern cart of Portugal, under the head "Plastrum" in the "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities" by Dr. Smith. It is strange, indeed, that these most clumsy machines should still continue, when it is considered how heavy must be the draught, and what a waste of power such construction entails; it is still more strange that the creaking, grinding, groaning, which accompanies every turn of the axle should be tolerated, when not only the most horrible noise might be immediately obviated, but with it the wear of material and additional labor of the oxen be sensibly diminished by the application of a little oil or grease, as in fact is now made compulsory in Lisbon; but I was told that the drivers resent such interference with their privileges as atrocious tyranny, and that they enjoy the music of their carts, as more educated ears delight in the harmonies of an orchestra, while they affirm, with the tendency to superstition for which they are notorious, that such noise avails to driving away of evil spirits and hobgoblins, which assuredly it may, if at least the fairies they dread be fairies of good taste.

STREET CRIES OF LISBON.

Possibly it may be for a similar reason that the street cries of Lisbon are so harsh, so discordant, and withal so continuous. Never was a city so bescreamed; and as you walk through it, morning, noon, and evening, the same continual chorus of cries in voices of various tones of shrillness and harshness assails your ears. Every conceiv-

able article of sale is cried by the seller, as he or she marches through the middle of the streets with the basket or bundle of wares poised on the top of the head, or held beneath the arm. And such a jumble of articles! meat and muslin, water and wood, furniture and fish, milk and millinery, all seem mixed up together in this strife of tongues, and the shriller the voice in this contest for custom the better the chance that the article thus shrieked will find a purchaser.

CLEANLINESS OF LISBON.

We had, I acknowledge, expected to find Lisbon and the Lisbonites unsavory and unclean, for they have long had this reputation, and we had not forgotten the poet's description—

"Whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
'Mid many things unsightly to strange e'e;
For hut and palace show like filthily."

Doubtless this was the case not many years ago; but, as we wandered through the handsome streets, and admired the elegant buildings, the squares, and the public gardens, we simultaneously exclaimed that we knew no foreign town which had such a general air of cleanliness, and we were agreeably surprised to find how remarkably bright and fresh and sweet the whole city appeared to be. Subsequent observation only corroborated these first impressions, and I now unhesitatingly declare that no town of Southern lands, not even Turin, which in some respects it resembles, presents a cleaner, fairer appearance than the much-maligned city of Lisbon. To this, no doubt, the steepness of the streets in great measure conduces, for the seven hills on which it is built by no means resemble the seven hills of Rome, such gentle slopes as to be scarcely traced by the diligent inquirer; but these are real sharp inclines, such as would not disgrace the city of Bath, so that to walk over Lisbon was a laborious task in hot weather, and one interminable ascent and descent, with the very rare relief of a little flat ground, which was immediately seized upon for a "Praca," or "Largo," or a public garden. Now, in a warm climate there is, next to good drainage and cleanliness, nothing more essential for the health as well as the comfort of a town than large open spaces which may act as reservoirs of air, or, as they have been well called, "the lungs" of a city, and with these Lisbon is admirably provided. The public squares are generally planted with trees which are invaluable for shade, and well provided with seats, and, as the whole population seeks the open air as the coolness of evening draws on, the nightly assemblage in these squares was very great, just as is the case in the Alamedas and Prados of the cities of Spain. But still more valuable, and far more beautiful, are the public gardens, which, situated in the heart of the city, and planted with rare Brazilian flowers and shrubs, which thrive with extraordinary vigor in this climate, are always open to the people, and with their fragrant scents, delightful shade, and the perpetual splash of fountains, invite the passer-by to seek repose for a while.

GENERAL IMPRESSIONS.

Imposing in size, clean in appearance, handsome with regard to its buildings, steep with reference to its streets, warm as to its temperature, civil, orderly, and gentle as to its inhabitants; such were the epithets we at once bestowed upon Lisbon; and the good opinion we formed of it at first we retained to the end of our visit, and still our verdict is altogether in its favor, and we are quite prepared to echo the praise bestowed upon it by its earliest founders, when it was called Olisippo, or Olisipo, a Phoenician term (as Pliny informs us) signifying "Pleasant Bay," which its Roman conquerors, in the time of Augustus, exchanged for the scarcely less complimentary title of "Felicitas Julia."

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

But little more than a hundred years have elapsed since the world-renowned earthquake had, in a few minutes, and without previous warning, laid the entire city in ruins, destroying the houses, which crumbled up, it is said, and disappeared in dust, burying the wretched inhabitants beneath the débris. It is difficult to imagine such a visitation. The morning of November 1, 1755, was fine and calm; the sun shone out in full lustre, and the whole face of the sky is reported to have been serene and clear; and there was nothing to betoken any unusual event, no warning rumbling to herald the impending calamity. The city stood in its accustomed sunshine, and the inhabitants rose to

their every-day occupations, never dreaming of the general destruction hanging over them. Then of a sudden the first shock began, rapidly followed by other and more severe shocks, till, in the short space of fifteen minutes, the greater part of the city was destroyed, and the great bulk of the inhabitants overwhelmed. Nor was the heaving, cracking earth the only element which fought against the devoted city. On a sudden a huge wave rose from the troubled river, mounting fifty feet above the water-level, and sweeping over the banks on which a terror-stricken crowd was congregated for safety, away from the falling houses, drew them all into its bed, together with all the ships and boats in the harbor, and so effectually engulfed them that no vestige of them was ever seen again. Fires, too, breaking out in many parts of the city, some say in a hundred places at once, raged with great fury, and, unchecked by the inhabitants, consumed the greater portion of what the earthquake had left; while a brisk breeze arose to fan the flames and join in the work of destruction. Thus all the elements combined against Lisbon, and the result, so far as can be ascertained, was that no less than fifty thousand human beings perished in that catastrophe, while the value of the property destroyed has been estimated at two million pounds.

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE CATHOLICISM.

The Portuguese churches are very much plainer, and, for the most part, though there are exceptions, are wanting in the magnificent marbles, the copious gilding, and the innumerable pictures and statues with which Spanish churches are decorated from ceiling to floor. Neither is their arrangement as in the sister country of Spain, but rather savor of the churches of Italy or France. There is no walled-in coro, with its *tesoro*, blocking up the nave and concealing the high altar. But, above all, the dedication of the cathedrals, as well as the chief post of honor in the high altar, is here devoted to our blessed Lord, and not (as is almost, if not quite, universally the case in Ultramontane Spain) given up to the Virgin, perhaps commemorating her assumption, but still oftener her immaculate conception, that last and most extreme dogma of Rome, in which Mariolatrous Spain especially delights. Now, this divergence between the two sister countries of the Peninsula, in the general aspect of the interior of their respective churches, and still more in the dedication of their cathedrals, suggests at once that the tenets held by the two nations are not identical, and such, in fact, we find to be the case. For, whereas Spain is proverbially the stronghold of all that is extreme in Romish doctrine, and in this respect "His most Catholic Majesty, the eldest and most dutiful Son of the Church," as he was officially styled, ruled over a nation far more obedient to the fads of the Holy Roman See than the subjects of the pope himself, the Portuguese clergy are entirely opposed to such opinions; indeed, to so great an extent do they show their aversion to them, that in the University of Coimbra, where theology especially flourishes, several of the text-books employed in the schools are said to be in the "Index Expurgatorius" of Rome.

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE CHARACTER.

Hitherto I have said little of the Portuguese beyond an occasional casual remark on their behavior; but now this seems a fitting place to express my unqualified admiration of their general character. I had expected to find them partaking of the disposition of their Spanish neighbors, and I confess that I am not an admirer of the Spaniards. I am well aware that it is the fashion to extol the lofty bearing, the noble air, the proud self-respect of that haughty race; but I fail to see on what solid foundation such superior and somewhat defiant pretensions rest. In my humble judgment, such excessive self-laudation and self-appreciation, to the exclusion of the whole world beyond, savor rather of empty conceit and ridiculous arrogance; and this becomes the more apparent, when one examines the ground of such boasting, as inordinate assumption of superiority seems to challenge us to do. Now, after travelling through the length and breadth of Spain, and after frequent contact with her people of every class, I should be disposed to pronounce that they are below the average in most of those attributes which chiefly redound to the credit of national character. Mr. Ford, in his admirable "Hand-book of Spain," tells us that the "so-called lower orders are superior to those who arrogate to themselves the title of being their betters." If this be so, then I can only say that bad indeed are the best, for it is to the lower orders, the people generally, that I allude, when I denounce as most objectionable that vast assumption of self-importance, the effect of

which is first to despise all other nations, and then to treat them not only without courtesy, but without common civility; and I am obliged to own that I know no other people who delight, on all occasions, to assert their pretended superiority, not only by a loud and boisterous free-and-easy tone, at every opportunity, but by positive rudeness and studied impertinence; and that this is no exceptional character, appertaining to but a few individuals, but general throughout the nation, I have a very decided opinion, an opinion, too, confirmed by a second and recent journey through Spain.

Now, to all this the Portuguese character is an exact contrast; indeed I know no nation which recommends itself to the stranger so much at first sight as this remarkably civil, obliging, respectful, deferential race. Not indeed by any hyperbolic phrases or extravagant pretensions, as when the Spanish noble puts his palace and all its contents at your disposal, without the slightest intention of bestowing on you one single *maravedi*; but I have invariably found that the Portuguese, of all classes, will at every opportunity undergo any trouble, take any pains, submit to real inconvenience, to show a kindness to the stranger, while there is not to be found throughout the country any of that false pride, that hateful hauteur, that abominable assumption, which prevail to so great an extent across the border. These, it is true, are but superficial and inferior traits of character; but as, on the one hand, they are very apparent to the traveller, so, on the other, they form a tolerably correct index of what is more hidden from view. Thus the Portuguese is not only far more truthful, from having no cause for concealment and no desire of self-laudation, but he is far more open and honest, less liable to take offence, and consequently less vindictive. In short, the more I compare the disposition of the two nations which inhabit the Peninsula, the more convinced I am that the advantage lies very decidedly in favor of the Portuguese, for whom, indeed, I have learned to entertain a very sincere regard, and an admiration which I am very far from feeling toward the Spaniards.

As I am well aware that the opinions I have ventured to express, in contrasting Portuguese with Spanish character, are altogether opposed to the laudations of every thing connected with Spain (save and except Spanish bonds) which some enthusiasts have lately proclaimed, I desire to fortify my own assertions with the judgment of an unexceptionable witness, who seems to bear me out in my views. The late Duke of Wellington will be allowed to be as sound and unprejudiced a judge of character as may readily be found, and he had ample opportunities during the long Peninsular War for forming a decided opinion in regard to both nations; but, throughout his dispatches, and notoriously in his estimation, the Spaniards were altogether disagreeable and distasteful, and are generally mentioned with marked disapproval and dislike; whereas to the Portuguese he became more and more attached, as experience made him more familiar with their national character.

IN HANGING GARDENS.

IN an old city, so the Rabbins tell,
Lived a fair lady having youth and wealth,
Who in the hanging gardens loved to dwell;
And like a shadow, and as still as stealth,
She walked the soundless paths that climbed to kiss
The sun above the grand metropolis.

Here stair on stair, with heavy balustrade,
And columned hybrids cut in rigid stone,
And vase, and sphinx, and obelisk, arrayed,
And arched wide bridges over wheelways thrown.
Valleys of heaven the gardens seemed to be,
Or isles of cloud-land in a sunset sea.

The lady, daughter of some prince or king,
Was loved by one who, rich, had lowly birth.
He gave her gems enclosed in toy or ring,
Trifles of cost, of value for their dearth;
But she was used to greater gifts than these,
And their poor beauty failed her heart to please.

The Soul is child of Heaven, and when the world,
Her lover, brings his presents, wealth and fame—
Wealth, a bird jewelled; fame, a ring impeared—
She is not satisfied. She holds no blame;
But dreams of hanging gardens pathed with bliss
Above a golden-domed metropolis.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNING'S," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—A STRUGGLE.

THERE are moments in life which are so sweet as to light up whole weeks of gloom; and there are moments so dreadful as to make the unfortunate actors in them tremble at the recollection to the end of their lives. *Che nel pensier riu nuova la paura.* Such a moment in the life of Frank Renton was that in which he suddenly heard the padrona's knock at her own door. He had been as happy as a young man could be. He had felt himself willing, and over again willing, to give up every thing without a regret, for the sake of the love he had won, and which was, he said to himself, of every thing in earth and heaven the most sweet. This he had said to himself a hundred times over as he hung over Alice in the first ecstasy of their betrothal. He could not imagine how he ever could have doubted. Going to India would, as he had said, be going to heaven. Where he went she would be with him. He should have her all to himself, free from any interference. They would be free to go forth together, hand in hand, like Adam and Eve. What was any advantage the world could give in comparison to such blessedness? He was in the full flush of his delight when that awful knock was heard at the door.

At the sound of it Alice started, too. She clung to him first, and then she shrank from him. "Oh, it is mamma!" she cried, with sudden dismay. Then there was a pause. Frank let go the hand he had been holding. Nature and the world stood still in deference to the extraordinary crisis. He turned his face, which had suddenly grown pale, to the door. And they heard her talking as she came up the stairs, unconcerned, laughing as if nothing had happened! "It will be a surprise to Alice," she said, audibly, pausing in the passage, at the dining-room door. And Alice shuddered as she listened. A surprise! If the padrona could but know what a terrible surprise had been prepared for herself!

And then she came in upon them, smiling and blooming, her soft color heightened by a little fresh breeze that was blowing, bright from the pleasant, unusual intercourse with the outside world. "I am sorry you did not come with us, Alice," she said. "It is not so hot as we thought it was. Ah, Mr. Renton!" and she held out her hand to him. Upon what tiny issues does life hang! If Alice had not thought it too hot to go out, all this might never have happened. And the mother to speak of it so lightly; thinking of nothing more important than the walk; ignorant what advantage had been taken of her absence! To the two guilty creatures who knew, every word was an additional stab.

"I came up again to-day about the same business," said Frank, faltering.

Alice bent trembling over her work, and said nothing. She did not go, as was her wont, with soft, tender hands, to untie the bonnet and take off the shawl, as she always did, taking pride in her office as "mamma's maid." She put on an aspect of double diligence over her work, though her hands trembled so she could scarcely hold her needle.

Even Mrs. Severn's unsuspicious nature was startled. She turned to Miss Hadley, who had come in behind her, and said, half in dumb-show, with a certain impatience, "What does he mean by coming so often?"

"No good," answered Miss Hadley, solemnly, under her breath; which laconic utterance amused the padrona so much, that her momentary uneasiness flew away. She sat down smiling, turning her kind face upon the trembling pair; "Poor Laurie's brother!" she said to herself. That was argument enough for tolerating him and showing him all kindness.

"Alice, how is it you are so busy?" she said. "I think you might

order some tea. Though it is not so very hot, it is pleasant to get into the shade. I hope your business has made progress, Mr. Renton," she added, politely. As the padrona looked at them it became slowly apparent to her that something was wrong. Alice had not liked the task of entertaining a stranger all by herself; or— But of course it must be that. It was ill-bred of him, even though he was Laurie's brother, to insist on coming in when there was nobody but the child to receive him. Mrs. Severn began to feel uncharitable toward the young man. Alice flushed one moment and the next was quite pale. She was reluctant to raise her eyes, and neglected all her usual *petits soins*. When she had to get up to obey her mother, it was with a shy avoidance of her look, which went to the padrona's heart. What could be the matter? Was she ill? Had he been rude to her? But that was impossible. "Is there any thing wrong, my darling?" she said, half rising from her seat.

"Oh, no, mamma!" said Alice, breathlessly, in a fainting voice.

The padrona gave Miss Hadley a look which meant—Go and see what is the matter; and then with a very preoccupied mind turned toward Frank to play politeness and do her social duties. "I hope your business has made progress," she repeated, vaguely; and then it became apparent to her that he was agitated too.

"Yes," he said; and then he came forward to her quite pale and with an air of mingled supplication and alarm which filled her with the profoundest bewilderment. "Oh, Mrs. Severn, forgive us!" he cried. He would have gone down on his knees had he thought that would have been effectual; but he did not dare to go down on his knees. He stood before her like a culprit about to be sentenced; and she looked at him with eyes in which alarm and suspicion began to glow. There was something wrong; but even now the mother to whom her child was indeed a child did not guess what it was.

"Us!" she said; and somehow a thought of Laurie struck into the maze of her thoughts. He could not have done any thing, poor fellow, in his exile, to call for forgiveness in this passionate way. "I cannot tell what you mean," she cried. "What have I to forgive? and who are the sinners?" and tried to laugh, though it was difficult enough.

"Mrs. Severn," he said, "I would not, believe me, have taken advantage of your absence—not willingly. She is so young. I

know I ought to have spoken to you first. I did not mean it when I came—"

"She?" cried the padrona with a little cry. Not yet did she see what it was; but instinct told her what kind of a trenchant blow was coming, and all the blood seemed to rush back upon her heart.

"Yes," said Frank, rising into the calm of passion, "I found her all by herself. And I loved her so! from that first moment I saw her—when you called her, and she came and stood there," he cried, pointing vaguely at the door; "and I had come to tell you I was going away. And she was sorry. It all came upon us in a moment.

How could I help telling her? I loved her so! Forgive me for Alice's sake."

The padrona sat gazing at him for some moments with dilated eyes; then suddenly she hid her face in her hands, and uttered a low, moaning cry, as of a creature in pain. All at once it had come upon her what it meant. Frank standing there, full of anxiety, yet full of confidence, was bewildered, not knowing what this meant with reference to himself. But the truth was that Mrs. Severn was not thinking of him—had no room in her mind for him at that terrible moment. It was her child she was thinking of—Alice, who was here half an hour ago, and now was not here, and could never again be forever. It all burst upon her in an instant—not any thing remarkable, as a thing might be which was independent of the child's own will, but voluntary, her own doing—her choice! Something sung and buzzed in her ears; her eyes felt hot and scorched up; sharp pulsations of pain came into her temples. "My child—my baby—my first-born!" she said to herself. It was as if the earth had shaken beneath her feet, and the house crumbled down about her.

Her whole fabric of happiness seemed to shrink up; and yet it was not so much—not so much that she asked—not any thing for herself—not the ease, the comfort, the leisure, the pleasures, so many had. Was she not content, more than content to work late and early, to spare herself nothing, to labor with both hands, as it were, never grudging? Only her children, that was all she asked to have; and here was the first of her children, the sweetest of all—her excellency and the beginning of her strength, her companion, and tender consoler, and sweet helper, —gone! She gave a cry, a half-smothered moan, such as could not be put into words. And all this time Frank stood before her, pale, somewhat desperate, but courageous, knowing, however the mother



"Alice bent trembling over her work, and said nothing."

might be against him, the daughter was for him, and trusting in his fate.

When the padrona at last withdrew her hands from her face, it struck her as with a sense of offence that he should still be standing there. Why did he, a stranger, stand and gaze at her misery? What right had he? And then she remembered that it was this boy whom her child had chosen out of the world to give up her home for. In her heart, at that moment, the padrona hated Frank. She raised her head, and even he, though he had no love in his eyes to enlighten him respecting the changes in her face, saw that the lines were drawn and haggard, the color gone, and that a look of age and suffering had fallen upon her; but she commanded herself. She spoke after a minute with an effort. "Mr. Renton, this is a very serious matter you tell me," she said; "my daughter is a child," and then she had to stop and take breath, and moisten her dry lips. "She is too young to judge what is best—for her life. And so are you," she added, looking at him with a certain pity for the boy who was so young too, and Laurie's brother to boot; "you are both too young to know what you are doing. You should not have disturbed my Alice!" she cried, suddenly, unable to keep in the reproach. "Such thoughts would never have come into my darling's mind. You had no right to disturb my child!"

She got up as she spoke in a blaze of momentary excitement, anger, grief's twin brother, rising sudden into the place of grief. She made a step or two away from him, and began to collect Alice's work and fold it up with her trembling hands, turning her back upon him, as if this sudden piece of business she had found was the most important matter in the world. Then she turned round, raising her hand, with an outburst of natural eloquence.

"She was only a child," she cried; "as much a child as when she sat on my lap. She had not a thought that was not open to me. I have worked for her almost all her life, watched over her, nursed her, smiled for her when my heart was breaking—and all in a moment, for a young man's vanity, my child is to be mine no longer. Why did you not come to me fairly, like an honest enemy, and warn me what you meant to do?"

As she spoke, standing before him with her arm lifted in unconscious action, almost towering over him in the greatness of her suffering and indignation, Frank stood lost in astonishment. Mothers, so far as he knew, were glad to get their daughters off their hands. Such was the tradition in all regions he had ever frequented. He had expected difficulties, no doubt, but not of this kind. It was with a certain consternation that he gazed at her, asking himself what it meant. It was all real, there could be no doubt of that. But yet—he was in Fitzroy Square. It was not a duke's daughter he had ventured on engaging to himself, but an humble artist's, who everybody would have thought would have been glad enough to have her child provided for. This Frank knew, or, at least, he believed he knew, was the light in which the matter would have been regarded by most sensible people. And he, though Belgravia no doubt might have scorned him, was no such contemptible match for the daughter of the painter. He stood surprised and discomfited, not knowing how to reply to a woman who addressed him so strangely; perhaps it would be best to let her have it all her own way, and exhaust her indignation without contradicting or opposing her; but then the passion in her face moved the young man.

"I never thought of coming as an enemy," he said, with some heat. "I have loved her ever since I saw her. I am not to blame for that." How could he be to blame? He had done naught in blame, but all in honor. And thus the mother and the lover stood confronting each other, rivals; but in a conflict which for one of them was without hope.

Then there was an interval of silence—a truce between the foes. Frank mechanically turned over and over the books which lay on a little table against which he was leaning, and the padrona threw herself into her chair trembling in her agitation. Again and again her lips forced themselves to speak, but the effort was a vain one. She had not the heart to speak. What was there to say? If Alice's heart was gone from her, then every thing was gone. It was not as in old days, when she could have forbidden an unsuitable indulgence with the certainty that after the pain of the first few minutes the smiles would come back, the little heart melt, and the child be herself again. Here was a more serious trial now, and the padrona's heart was sick. She sat, not even looking at him, with her head turned to one side,

and her mind full of bitter thoughts. This silence was worse than anything for Frank. He bore it as long as he could, standing with his eyes fixed upon her, expecting the verdict which was to come. Then, as she did not speak, he summoned up all his courage. He made a few steps forward, so as to bring himself before her eyes, and thus addressed her, with as much steadiness and calm as he could command:

"Mrs. Severn," he said, "could you not put yourself in my position? I did not mean to betray myself. I meant to say good-by, and go away, and never trouble you more. But she was sorry, God bless her! She looked at me, and pitied me, and I did not know what I was saying. I will not tell you a lie, and say I regret," cried Frank, with excitement; "but I will say I am sorry I had not the chance of speaking to you first. Surely, surely, you will not refuse her to me for that!"

"Refuse her to you!" said the padrona, with an unconscious contempt; "refuse her to you! You cannot think it is you I am thinking of. Oh, young man, how little you know! There is the sting of it! I would give every thing I have in the world she had never seen you: but you make me work out my own sorrow. Can you believe I would hesitate a moment if it were only refusing you?" she cried, with a gesture unconsciously full of scorn, throwing, as it were, something from her. Frank had never been spoken to in such a tone before. He had been an important personage at Richmond—not so would his prayer have been received there. The wounded *amour propre* of his youth made itself felt in his displeasure. He went to the nearest window, and stood staring out into the street, disgusted with himself, and half disgusted, if the truth must be told, with all the circumstances. He had been a fool in thus committing himself. He had behaved like a fool in every way, and this was his reward—not rejection even, but scorn!

"But I can't refuse her any thing!" the padrona said with a sigh, that came out of the very bottom of her heart. There was the sting of it. She could not turn away, as impulse would have made her, the lover whom she felt to be her enemy. There was the child to consider. It was no plain and easy matter to be decided upon in an arbitrary way. Fathers and mothers have refused their children's wishes before now for their good. Daughters have been even shut up in their rooms, starved, imprisoned, bullied into giving up the undesirable suitor, as everybody knows. But these courses were all shut to the padrona. She could no more have stood by and seen her child suffer than she could have flown. The one was as much an impossibility of nature as the other. She could not refuse Alice the desire of her heart. Oh, gentle Heavens! to think it could be the desire of that tender creature's heart to go away from her home where she had been cherished since ever she was born—from her mother, who had loved and shielded her for all her sixteen years—away to the end of the world with a young man, whom six months before she had never seen! and not a woman with any weariness in her heart, nor a girl of adventurous instincts, curious and longing for the unknown, but, on the contrary, the purest womanly domestic child, caring little about all the noises of the great world without, only sixteen, a soft, contented creature, happy in all the little business of her limited life! There was the wonder—a thing not new, familiar every day—and yet ever miraculous, a wonder and a portent to the padrona, as if it had never happened before.

It was just then that Alice came faltering into the room. She had cried and leaned her head on Miss Hadley's breast when she was questioned what was the matter; but she would not tell even that faithful friend until mamma knew. Her faithful friend indeed was at no great loss. Her eyes were sharp enough to make up the lack of all suspicion in the innocent household. She divined the truth, and she also divined the scene that must be going on in the drawing-room. "I knew this was what would come of it," she allowed herself to say, which was but natural; and she led Alice back to the door, though it was against her will. "My love, these two will never agree without you," she said, and stayed outside with that purest self-denial of the secondary spectator, burning with curiosity and interest, yet giving way to the chief personages concerned, which is so often seen among women. She would not even go into the dining-room, where she might have seen or heard something, but stayed outside in the passage, having carefully closed all the doors. So far as she herself was concerned, Miss Hadley was not Frank's enemy. When a man spoke out she respected him, as she always said. It was only when he shilly-shallied that she had a contempt for him; and to have one of them provided for would

no doubt be a great matter. Such, taking Frank's theory of what was proper and natural, was Miss Hadley's way of thinking; but she knew only too well how impracticable Mrs. Severn could be.

Alice went in faltering, changing color, ready to sink to the ground with innocent shame-facedness, but as much unaware of the struggle going on in her mother's mind as if she had been a creature of a different species. When she had made a few steps into the room, she paused, and gave a quick, timid glance at the two, who were both stirred by her approach. The padrona rose, and gazed at her child, who had thus left her side, while Frank started forward to place himself by her. This was the last touch, which the mother could not bear. She darted to Alice's side, put him away with her hand, took the girl into her arms, and, holding her fast, gazed into her face. "Alice," she said, "is it true? Never mind any one but me. Look at me—at your mother—Alice. Tell me the truth—the truth, my darling! Can it be? Do you want to go with him, and leave us all—the boys, and Edith, and all that love you? Is it true? Do you want to leave me, my child?" cried the mother, in a voice of anguish, and stood holding her fast, reading the answer before it came in her eyes, in the modulations of her lips—elevated on such a height of passionate feeling as she had never known before in all her life.

Nor was it a less trial for the young inexperienced creature, knowing nothing of passion, whom she held thus in the grip of despair. Fortunately, Alice could not understand the full force of the tempest in her mother's heart. "Oh, mamma, how can you think I want to leave you?" she cried, with tears; and Frank, listening, felt with a pang that he was cast aside. Then she paused. "But oh, mamma, dear!" said Alice, with a soft, pleading, breathless tone, melodious like the cooing of a dove—"oh, mamma, dear!"—and she slid her tender arm round her mother's neck, changing her attitude to one of utter supplication—"you have Edie and the boys, and my dearest love for ever and ever. And he has nobody; and he says—Will you only hear what he says? It is not fancy. He wants me most."

It was, not more than a minute that they stood thus clinging together, but Frank thought it an hour. He was left out of the matter. It was they who had to decide a question so momentous to them. And then he became aware that the padrona had cast her arms round her child to support herself, and was weeping wildly upon Alice's shoulder. No need for any further questions. They had changed characters for the moment. The girl's slight figure tottered, swayed, steadied itself, supporting with a supreme effort the weight of the mother's yielding and anguish; and Alice gave him a look over that burden—a look of such pain and sweetness and confidence, that Frank's heart was altogether melted. "Look what I have to bear—what I have to give up for you!" it seemed to say—a pathetic glance, and yet the triumph of the new love rooting and establishing itself upon the ruins of the old.

When the padrona came to herself she called Frank Renton to her. It was not that she had fainted or become unconscious; but that, when a woman—or a man either for that matter—is suddenly called upon to sound the profoundest depths of suffering within their own being, a mist comes upon external matters, confusing place and fact, and, above all, time, which goes fast or slow according to our consciousness. It might have been years, so far as she could tell, since she came in cheerfully from her walk, fearing no evil. She had been engaged in some awful struggle against her spiritual enemies, principalities and powers, such as she had never yet encountered; and all unprepared, unarmed for the conflict! She came to herself, lying back in her chair exhausted as if with an illness, without strength enough left to feel the full force of any calamity. She called Frank Renton to her, holding out her hand.

"Sit down here and let me speak to you," she said. "I am to listen to what you have to say. And I will listen—but not now. Such a thing had never entered into my mind. I thought the child was safe for years. I thought she was all mine—my consolation. I have had so much to do, it seemed but fair I should have a consolation. But there is nothing fair in this world. And now it is you who have her heart, and not me—and I don't know you even. To be sure you are Laurie's brother. Mr. Renton, if you will come back to me another time, when I have got a little used to it, I will hear every thing you have to say."

"Thanks!" said Frank, not knowing what answer to make, being utterly confused in his own mind, and as much out of his depth in every way as a young man could be. And he would have taken the

hand she had held out to him in token of amity—but Mrs. Severn was not equal to any such signs of friendship.

"It will be for another time," she said, sitting upright in her chair, and drawing back a little. "If I had received any warning—but you have only met two—three times—is that all?" she said, with a sudden spasm in her voice.

"And at Richmond," said Frank, divided between offence and humility. Alice had left the room again, and the two were alone.

"And at Richmond," the padrona repeated with a heavy sigh. "I might have known. But you don't know my child," she added with sudden energy. "You have seen her pretty face and heard her music, and it is those you care for—that is all. And there are others as pretty, and who play as well. You cannot know my child."

"Look here, Mrs. Severn," cried Frank, driven wild in his turn; "I have loved her since the first moment I saw her under those curtains. Was it my doing? I was listening to the music, not thinking of any one; and you called Alice, and she came. And I have been struggling against it ever since. I will tell you the truth. I was to marry money—everybody had made up their minds to it. I was to have a rich wife and give up India, and live a life that would suit me much better at home. That is the truth. And I tried—tried hard to carry it out. But I had seen Alice, and I could not. To-day when I came I meant to try to say good-by. I meant it honestly, upon my life. And that other girl is prettier, if you will speak so," cried the young man with a kind of brutality, "than Alice. Judge if it is only for that—"

"Then you will repent," said the padrona, blazing up into an inconsistent jealousy and resentment. "Believe me, Mr. Renton, it is far better to carry out your intention, and leave my penniless girl alone."

* The young man started up with a muttered oath. The moment of passion was over, but that of mutual exasperation had come. The light of battle kindled in the padrona's eyes. She would have been glad to be rid of him at any price; and yet—inconsistent woman—though she hated him for loving Alice, the thought that he had struggled against that love, the thought that her child had been put in competition with another, set her all afame.

"By Heaven, you do me injustice!" cried Frank. "Why will you misunderstand what I say? Let me tell you every thing from the beginning. Is it just to judge me unheard? I am Laurie's brother, whom you are fond of; and Alice is mine as well as yours. She has no doubt of me. Why cannot we be friends, we two? I should be your son—"

"It must be for another time," said the padrona, letting her voice relapse into languor.

The sense of exhaustion had been thoroughly real when she expressed it before; but now, it must be allowed, it was exasperating. The elastic soul had touched the ground, and rebounded ever so little. But she had rebounded in a perverse, and not an amiable way. It was not the calm of despair, but an active wretchedness in which there was hope. And Frank, too, got set on edge, as she was, and left the house with but one soft word from Alice to console him as he went, flaming with opposition and resentment. He could turn the tables on her yet, if he were to try; he could make her regret her interference, if he would. And then a visionary Alice glided into the young man's imagination, holding out her soft arms. Vex her because her mother was vexatious to him? Ah, no! not for the world!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CLARA ZIEGLER.

IN the hotel of "the Four Seasons," in Munich, after a theatrical representation, there was lately gathered together a little circle of artists and authors, the central figure of which was the youthful tragic actress, Clara Ziegler, who has suddenly become so famous. One of the gentlemen present, the well-known dramatic author, Arthur Mueller, improved the opportunity to beg the actress to give him a sketch of her brief but brilliant career—a request she readily complied with, in the frank and unassuming manner peculiar to her.

"I was hardly seventeen years old," she began, "when my father died, who, as you perhaps know, came here from Berlin, his native city, and established himself as a dyer. Although the business pros-

pered, and yielded a comfortable support for our large family—there were eight of us children, of whom six were girls, I being the eldest—my father's death very seriously affected, our pecuniary status, which was rendered still more critical by a suit-at-law begun by a relation. As my mother continued my father's business, and assumed all its cares and responsibilities, the management of our household affairs necessarily fell to me, the eldest daughter. I was compelled to cook, to wash and iron, and, in short, to discharge all the manifold duties that devolve on the mother of a large family. Those were trying times for me and for us all. A means of bettering our condition presented itself, 'tis true, when a well-to-do relation in Berlin, a man of position and probity, offered me his hand in marriage. Yielding to the importunities of those to whom I was in duty bound to listen, I accepted him, but I myself had no joy in the prospect, for my heart refused to say 'amen' to the projected union. I thought and thought of some plan by which I could extricate myself from this uncongenial position, and escape the destiny that seemed to await me.

"Then suddenly came a happy inspiration. 'Become an actress! That is your calling!' said an inward voice. I am one of those with whom the road is short between the thought and the resolve, and between the resolve and the execution. Christen had long been a warm and tried friend of our family; to him I went immediately. He was not a little surprised—he was even terrified, good man—and used every argument at his command to dissuade me, but all was in vain. The objection he dwelt on most was my figure; for at seventeen I was as tall as I am now. I replied that that should not deter me from prosecuting the design to which I had intrusted all my hopes. He finally consented to receive me as a pupil. 'For you,' said he, 'there is but one line of characters—the heroines.' In accordance, therefore, with this opinion, he directed my studies.

"As a daughter of a genuine German burgher family, with independent habits of thought, I had not only advised with no one, but had concealed my resolution from every member of my family; I should otherwise have met, at the outset, with such opposition as it would have been hard, impossible perhaps, to overcome. The daily promenade I was accustomed to take with my younger sisters afforded me an opportunity to spend an hour daily with my teacher. After about three months Christen became convinced that I had the stuff in me to make a clever actress, and now he himself consented not only to inform my family of my plan, but to try to win their approval of it. As you may suppose, my mother was in despair, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Christen and I succeeded in obtaining her consent to my continuing my studies. And now, as he who would devote his entire energies to art should, above all things, be free to follow his own inspirations, I immediately apprised my betrothed of my determination, and begged him to release me from my promise, which, of course, he promptly did. This, however, did not lessen the strong opposition I had to contend with from every member of my family.

"After another three months I made my first appearance, at Anspach, in the character of the Maid of Orleans, and immediately afterward I played the same character at the Court Theatre of Munich. In both instances my success was complete, in consequence of which the manager of the theatre at Ulm offered me an engagement, which I accepted. There, without any assistance whatever from my family, I lived alone in the greatest seclusion, and in the most modest manner possible.

"With a salary of fifty florins (twenty dollars), which, after the first month, the manager voluntarily raised to sixty florins per month, I defrayed all my expenses and provided my wardrobe, such as it was. And yet, in spite of the rigid economy I was compelled to practise, I was contented and happy. Visits I neither made nor received. As for society and public amusements, I have never had any taste for either; I was never at a ball, and indeed it would be impossible for me, to-day, with my wardrobe, large as it is, to dress myself in full evening costume, in accordance with the present modes. Above all things else, I love solitude.

"I availed myself of the opportunity my engagement in Ulm afforded me to become familiar with the routine of the stage. I refused no part the manager gave me, no matter whether it was young or old, grateful or ungrateful, comic or serious, and had the satisfaction of knowing, when my engagement there ended, that I had taken a long stride forward in my art. In the mean time I had accepted propositions to go to Breslau. There I experienced the greatest grief that,

thus far in my artistic career, has fallen to my lot. Only think, at the first rehearsal, I was declared wholly incapable and unfit for the stage!

"I had gone to Breslau with only barely money enough to defray my travelling expenses, for, after what had occurred, I was too proud to ask or accept any pecuniary assistance from my family. After waiting an unusually long time, the day was finally fixed for my initial performance. I was to make my *début* in "The Maid of Orleans." After my first monologue, the stage-manager discontinued the rehearsals, telling me very bluntly that I was utterly useless to them in Breslau. In my consternation, I went to the manager, who was in his private office, and informed him of what had happened. He hardly deigned to give me any reply, and treated me so disdainfully and contemptuously, that even now I blush with humiliation when I think of it. I insisted on being allowed to give my trial-representations according to the letter of my contract. He scornfully refused, and, when I told him that I should have recourse to the law, he replied, in an insulting tone: 'Humph! I trust we shall be able to hold out as long as you will.' That was assailing me at my most vulnerable point. Without money, young, inexperienced, in a strange city, alone and forsaken, at variance with my family, bitterly disappointed in my fondest hopes—oh, I wonder that I did not weep blood instead of tears! The man heartlessly continued his writing, as though he would ignore me completely. Finally, after a long pause, he turned and said to me: 'I will give you twenty-five thalers (seventeen dollars and fifty cents), half a month's salary, if you will sign a paper releasing us from our contract with you.' What could I do? I took the money, but felt as though I should sink with shame and grief. When I returned to the stage for my bonnet and shawl, I found the rehearsal for the same representation in full progress, with Miss Heinz in the part of the heroine. The enigma was solved. The management had engaged two actresses for the same line of business, and had disengaged themselves of the less experienced one in their own way.

"But my humiliations were not at an end. Arrived at my lodgings, I immediately gave directions to have my trunks taken to the Berlin depot. I was compelled to go to my brother in Berlin for the money to pay my fare back to Munich. But my landlady, who from the beginning had looked with a suspicious eye on the friendless actress, forbade my luggage being moved, in the belief that I wanted to defraud her of her dues. This was my experience in Breslau.

"I will not dwell on the reproaches my brother made me, and, later, all my family, in consequence of these untoward events. But all they could say was of no avail—my resolution was not to be shaken, and I accepted an engagement at Lintz. Here, again, the bitterest disappointments awaited me. I found myself—the well-bred daughter of a respectable family—compelled to associate with one of those theatrical companies in which self-respect and respect for one another are the exceptions rather than the rule. I was amazed at what presented itself to my view. I sought art, and found here only a hot-bed of vulgarity and vice, which had borrowed of art only the name and the rags. I played—once. I pleased immensely, and was called out some dozen or fifteen times; and nevertheless, as I after the performance walked to my lodgings, along the bank of the Danube, I was so heart-sick at the thought of my life being a failure, as at that moment it seemed to me to be, that I was near throwing myself into the stream, and so ending all my woes.

"That I should not, and must not, remain here, was clear to me, and the next morning I demanded my release with such energy and determination that the manager made no effort to detain me. Again I returned to Munich. Manager Engelken, who had reassumed the direction of the theatre in Ulm, learning that I was unemployed, again offered me an engagement, which I accepted with a heavy heart, as it argued that, since the beginning of my career, I had made no progress. My prospects, however, improved when Engelken was chosen manager of the new theatre in Munich, and he closed a contract with me for the ensuing season.

"But my future was destined soon again to be darkened by a disease that threatened to put an end to my career forever. A tumor, a sort of goitre, formed rapidly on my neck, of such dimensions that, with it, I could not think of ever appearing again on the stage. Medical treatment proving of no avail, I consulted out distinguished surgeon, Professor Nussbaum. He told me that an operation might, perhaps, relieve me, but that it would endanger my life, and that, even in case of recovery, my convalescence would be long and tedious.

Without hesitation, I decided to take the risk, and in three months I had the satisfaction of being relieved of the abnormal growth. What I had suffered, however, is more easily imagined than described. But, in consequence of the operation, the muscles of the right side of my neck had become so contracted, that it was impossible for me to carry my head erect. Now my own ingenuity came to the rescue. I made myself collars of pasteboard, at first narrow, and, in course of time, wider and wider, and fastened them around my neck in such manner that, by the pain they caused me, I forced myself, little by little, to carry my head in its natural position.

"I had hardly arrived at this happy result, when I discovered, to my dismay, that, whenever I taxed my voice, even moderately, my tonsils became so enlarged as to render declamation impossible. Again I addressed myself for relief to Professor Nussbaum, who made short work of the refractory glands, relieving me of them entirely. From that time to the present, I have had no reason to complain of Fate or Fortune: every thing has seemed to favor my advancement, and now, if I am not perfectly contented and happy, it is, I believe, because there are no such things as perfect happiness and contentment on earth."

MOSLEM WOMEN.

THREE is a street in Constantinople devoted to the sale of perfumes and articles of taste. I do not remember its name, but you enter it, after passing through a labyrinth of lanes and tortuous alleys, by an arcade, and emerge upon an avenue of open stalls, at the door of each of which sits a bearded Turk. It is there that are sold exquisite essences of jasmine and bergamot—minute flasks of attar of roses in cases of embroidered velvet—rose-water—endless varieties of cosmetics—little bags of musk—Persian mirrors—carved hair-brushes—painted combs—and, in short, the whole arsenal of female coquetry. In the rear, up two or three flights of stairs, are stored in chests and drawers articles of greater value—perfume-censers of gold, inlaid stands, curious silver salvers, bells of *nargiles* in Khorassan steel, and innumerable knickknackeries of Oriental fantasy.

Ordinarily the women one meets in the streets of Constantinople are repulsive from their untidy dresses, and, if the *yasmac* of any one of them happens to fall, hideously ugly. But here were gathered the young wives of the harem. They had no end of money to spend. Credit for any amount purchased was readily given. The name of the husband opened all the treasures of the bazaar to wives of the wealthy. Many had the reputation of being favorites to beys and bashaws, and were presumed to be beautiful. There were these who were accompanied by pretty children, dressed in rich jackets of red or green, and Mameluke trousers of cherry-colored silks. Negresses, clad in white or blue, followed their mistresses, cared for the babies, of whom there were many, and took charge of parcels to carry home. Ugly as the most expensive street-costume of the Turkish lady invariably is, the groups of women and children, eunuchs and negresses, pages and dressing-maids, dowdy old servants and spruce errand-runners—for no Moslem wife of quality ever undertakes the slightest labor—that gathered around the stalls or formed in the street in earnest talk, were exceedingly picturesque. The very concealment of the faces of the women became incentives to imagination.

A Turkish merchant makes no efforts to sell his goods. Leaning on his elbow, he responds carelessly to the thousand questions, heaped one upon another, put to him by his female customers, who forage among the goods, and turn every thing on his counters upside down. Incessant chattering goes on—prices are asked, without waiting for answers—tapering fingers wander among the piles of beautiful wares, and eyes, flashing from behind heavy veils, tell of fancies pleased.—Whispered pleasantries pass from one to another. Purchases are constantly being made amid incessant giggling. The children are indulged with presents, keepsakes pass among the ladies, the negresses tie together and place upon their heads the parcels they are to carry, payments are made, change of money is counted and mistakes are rectified, while the street is lively with incessant talking and merry laughter.

There are no female shop-keepers in Constantinople. Women are prohibited from selling goods. It is evident enough, however, that they avenge themselves in buying. Almost the only outside amusement in which respectable females—mothers, wives, and daughters of the wealthy—indulge with freedom and without scandal, is shopping.

It is their one resource abroad. The contrast it affords to even the most luxurious home would be sufficient of itself to give it zest. They breathe fresh air. They see their friends. They indulge their love of finery and jewels. They compare tastes with others of their rank. They hear gossip. They tell secrets. They enjoy scandal. And a chance for coquetry—when, no informer being near, the *yasmac* may be dropped on the instant—will perhaps occur. No wonder that shopping is relished by Turkish gentlewomen more even than by their Christian sisters of Paris or New York.

On every pleasant day, in all streets where are attractive shops, are to be seen throngs of dark-eyed women, groups of gay children, fat, dusky nurses, and weazened, beardless eunuchs, with the same exhibitions of chattering and laughter, good-humor, and frivolity. It is not the place in which to moralize upon the unhappy condition of Moslem wives. With that feminine perversity that can put adroitly the best upon the worst, they will not appear victims of degradation, such as modern civilization makes them to be. They may not compare favorably in sturdy character with the strong-minded women of the United States, but they are not fools. They are sometimes educated. They have womanly tastes. Their love and knowledge of flowers, gardening, colors, drawing, embroidery, and painting, surpass those of their most cultivated European sisters. They think. And they are not the slaves our Christian theories teach. The retort of a pacha's third wife, when an American lady expressed surprise that she should dress herself so beautifully when no gentlemen would see her besides her husband, has its point: "Do you Christian ladies, then, dress for other men than your husbands?" In fact, the bazaars that offer Cashmere shawls and Brousses silks, amber bracelets and peacock-feather fans, inlaid mirrors and diamond brooches, are not favorable spots, nor do the light-hearted, laughter-loving customers that frequent them compose an audience for severe moralizing upon the wrongs of polygamy. While the old Osmanli sit in solemn, cross-legged, composition, professing for the "dogs of Christians" a contempt as profound as that of their ancestors, wives change their views. They become tolerant. The Christian gentlewomen they meet, each teaches a lesson; and the fellow-feeling good-breeding gives draws the two together.

Even at home the ladies of the harem have much to attract them. They are won by jewels and shawls, scarfs, and all kinds of persuasive finery. As Georgian Christians, Mohammedanism loses its repellent features to them in gorgeous mirrors, and the truths of Islam come persuasively to their young bosoms in the delicate folds of the Cashmere. The eyes of a devotee cannot be blind to diamonds and rubies, nor her ears deaf to eloquent pearls, turquoises, and aquamarines. It is a strong faith, where religious belief is merely a name, that can resist the pleadings of dresses stiff with gold and bracelets, blazing with diamonds and sapphires. To dress with elegance and taste is the high ambition of a Moslem wife. There is nothing in Parisian fashion more attractive than the *ghombas* of white gold-tissue on the voluptuous figure of a fair-skinned Georgian, its front open, its ample sleeves descending to the knees, and its girdle, richly embroidered, confining the folds at the waist. Around the ankles are fastened bands of silver-gilt, and on the feet slippers of gold embroidery. A turban of white muslin upon the head, and a Persian shawl thrown round the waist, complete morning toilet graceful in the extreme. It was the last year's style of morning dress, worn by a daughter of the sultan, when visiting a pacha's sister.

The interior of the harem, and the habits of harem life, are no longer mysteries. At the door the lady-visitor is met by a eunuch. They pass through halls and anterooms, across a marble-floored court where a fountain plays, into a chamber whose walls are decorated with colored arabesque devices, the floor spread with Turkish carpets, and the centre occupied by scarlet velvet *takhs* or cushions. This is the waiting-room. Beyond is the parlor where the lady receives her guest. It is perfect in every appointment that Oriental luxury can supply. Reclining upon the velvet-embroidered *muerud*, the hostess seats her visitor by her side. Three girls with large black eyes and luxuriant raven hair approach, kneel, and present silver-gilt vases for ablution. Two others with censers perfume the apartment. Three more, with trays containing sherbet and gold-embroidered napkins, followed still by three others carrying china-cups of coffee on salvers of gold inlaid with emeralds, enter, kneel and present the refreshments. Truly, Moslem wives are not barbarians.

The lady from whose narrative we gain this knowledge was then

conducted by her hostess to the private rooms. She describes them as magnificent. There were thirty bedchambers. The mattresses were covered with gorgeous silks. Upon the walls hung choice paintings. Wardrobes were filled with rich dresses. Drawers full of fine linen, toilet tables with needle-worked covers of snowy whiteness, dressing-cases filled with housewifery implements, jewel-boxes of bracelets and ear-rings, necklaces and brooches, and mirrors reaching from roof to floor, made every apartment a boudoir of elegance and taste.

From the dormitories to the terrace on the roof of the palace, where, shaded by awnings, they could see perhaps the finest panorama of water and land in the world, and thence to the gardens, occupying three-quarters of a square mile, intersected by rivulets, the walks marble-paved, and the banks fringed with grass and flowers, the lady was conducted to the drawing-room, where she was to be presented to the mother, sisters, and wives of the pacha. There were more than twenty present. They were variously engaged in sewing, embroidering, lace-making, music, and games. The furniture of the room was in exquisite taste. Good-humor and the utmost civilities abounded. Four of the ladies present were the wives of the pacha—one a Kooristan lady, one a Georgian, and two Circassians. The husband entered the room—a man of commanding stature, with black, copious beard, and sumptuously dressed—as any gentleman would enter his parlor, and with as little ceremony on either side. In the midst of a brief conversation, carried on in French, the voice of the *mollah* was heard calling from the minaret to prayer, when all dropped devoutly on their knees. Whatever they may be engaged in, Turkish men and women always perform their religious duties when the set moment arrives. The merchant driving a bargain, or lady dressing for evening, the judge delivering law from the bench, and the sultan himself receiving his court, break off at once, kneel, prostrate themselves, and pray at the hour appointed. Devotions ended, the American lady made adieus, and departed, escorted by the same keya-carrying eunuch through the doors and stairways.

Cairo is nearer to us, by half the time, than it was when I first saw it, twenty years ago. The grand canal is making wonderful changes; but the bazaars remain, and will remain, the same. In the secluded suburbs of the half-Frank city, the traveller might pause to-day near dull, dark walls, over which plantain-branches wave and scents of flowers steal, and listen to the laughter of the odalisks within. A song by half-cultivated voices, clapping of hands, tinkling of bells, shouts of girls engaged in merry games, the brief hush at the time of prayer, and the renewed sounds of hilarity when the minutes given to religious forms are past—all tell of at least one successful communism in the world, a communism five thousand years old before Owen failed in realizing his socialistic theories at New Lanark, or Noyes succeeded in puzzling psychologists by his successes in Oneida. Eastern wives are not convinced of the hardship of their state. They are ignorant of the sweets of liberty that women enjoy in Europe and America; have never witnessed the felicity that crowns a fashionable life in Paris or New York; know nothing of the peace of mind that rewards a London "season" or a Washington winter; and have never dreamed of the disinterested affection of ballroom belles in a country where women are free. To be sure, there is at their disposal all that their lord can command of luxury and pleasantness; his wealth is hoarded only for their delight, and their children's good; he permits himself no ostentation or pleasure apart from them; the time is weary that absents him from home; and he never denies a reasonable request of wife or child. Criminals are led blindfold to execution, because to meet a woman and touch her garment is to secure pardon. But wives are guarded from temptation; they receive visits from none of the other sex; and they are ignorant of the world. What woman would submit to these?

Seriously, however, the Eastern woman seems as happy as her European or American sister. Plurality of wives is no more hideous to her than it was to the favorites of the patriarchs. She feels no more disparagement as second wife than she would as second daughter. Jealousy is aroused, not by attention to another wife, but absence from all. In a harem of a hundred occupants—mothers, children, and servants—there are rarely four wives—the limit restricted by the Koran—and oftentimes but three or two. There is perfect order; harmony prevails—at least such is the universal testimony of Franks and Asiatics. Intimate friendships are formed. No public opinion is braved; and, though the Mussulman has no blind confidence in the strength of woman's character, holding fast to Mohammed's aphorism,

"If you set butter in the sun, it will surely melt," and regards it more honorable to have temptation averted than resisted, his wives do not complain. Indeed, it is said that they suspect a lack of their lord's affections when he does not keep them closely watched.

In the markets of both Turkey and Egypt there are three classes of women to be purchased—negresses, Abyssinians, and Georgians. The two former can be easily seen. They are not strictly guarded. You find them grinding millet, kneading dough, chatting in the sunshine, sleeping in the shade. Their figures may have symmetry; but to an American they are wofully unattractive. Their price varies from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars each.

The bazaars containing Georgian and Circassian women are more difficult of access. They are on sale for the wealthy only. Strangers not known, or unlikely to be purchasers, are not permitted, as a rule, to see them. The most beautiful will command the price of twenty-five hundred dollars. Of course, they are carefully tended. My friend, who obtained entrance, in company with a principal officer of the sultan, to their apartments, spoke of them as exceedingly handsome. They reclined upon carpets and pillows, and were richly though lightly clothed. Some were smoking, some chatting merrily together, some sitting in a dreamy languor. All their attitudes were graceful. In complexion they were exquisitely fair. There was no appearance of discontent. They knew their lot, and did not repine at it. Like maidens as fair—if it be not ungallant to say it—in freer lands, each seemed desirous that her charms should be valued to a degree that would make her first favorite in her future home.

While there can be nothing more awkward in movements than a Moslem woman abroad, nothing can be more graceful at home. The former slouches through the unpaved lanes, her dress dragging, her figure shapeless, her feet hideous, and her face covered by the thick *yasmac*—an object, unless when leaning upon a bazaar-counter or resting on the seats near the fountains, as little attractive as woman can be made to be. The latter, as lady of the harem, couched gracefully on Persian carpets strewed with cushions, is a picture to make the eyes brighten and pulses thrill. The fair complexion, large, liquid eyes, long-fringed lashes, and low brow, set off by a gold-embroidered turban—most becoming of head-gear—from under which braids of black hair fall on either side, and a cataract of tresses behind; the rounded shoulders, full bust, large arms, long, tapering fingers with henna-dyed nails, uncorseted figure, and developed limbs; and the dress, composed of the pink under-tunic, covered by the long silk robe open at the bosom, and buttoned thence downward to the delicately-slipped feet that peep daintily from full silk trousers, a Cashmere shawl wrapped loosely around the loins rather than waist as a girdle, and a large silk robe with loose sleeves surmounting all—make of the Moslem wife, as, reclining upon silken cushions, she receives husband or friends, and does the honors of her home, a being too voluptuous, perhaps, for refined American taste, but who answers in every way to the idea of womanly beauty that obtains universally in the East.

STRAWBERRIES AND "STRAWBERRY WEATHER."

IT was a wonderful, an exquisite morning. Our poet-friend, Horace, was with us. After a delicate fruit-breakfast, befitting the season and the hour, we strolled together into the garden. Horace threw back his fine head, and inhaled the delicious air in a sort of rapture. "Ah!" he exclaimed, in his fanciful manner, addressing Creation at large, rather than his companion—"ah, if the year were only an orchestra, this day would be the flute-tone in it. A serene hope, just on the very verge of realizing itself—a tender loneliness—what some German calls *Waldeinsamkeit*, or 'wood-loneliness'—that ineffable, withdrawal feeling which comes over one when he hides himself in among the trees, and knows himself shut in by their purity, as by a fragile yet impregnable wall, from the suspicions and trade regulations of men; and an inward thrill in the air or in the sunshine, one knows not which—half like the thrill of the passion of love, and half like the thrill of the passion of friendship—these which make up the office of the flute-voice in those poems written by the old masters for the orchestra—these also prevail throughout to-day.

"Isn't this an hour," he continued, appealing to us, "wherein one likes to stop thinking, to lie fallow like a field, and absorb those liberal potentialities which will in after-days reappear, perhaps, duly formu-

lated, duly grown, duly perfected, as poems? Come, now, mon cher, I wish to know if to you, as to me, there is such an influence, such a subtle, mysterious spell in the atmosphere of to-day—a day so exquisitely satisfying with all the fulnesses of spring?"

"Yes," was our reply, "we appreciate your meaning perfectly; it is indeed a time when one desires to remain a fallow field, for sun and wind to fertilize, nor shall any corn or flowers sprout into visible green and red until to-morrow. But enough of sentiment; let us be a little more of 'the earth, earthy!' For example, look at my strawberry-beds; are they not flourishing?"

"Of course, for it is *strawberry weather*, as a certain favorite essayist of mine ingeniously terms it. Don't tell me the phrase is forced, since the weather, the fruit, the color, the very birds, all hang, as it were, together; and, for my part, I can believe that, without this special degree of heat, or mixture of heat and fresh air, the strawberries would not have their special degree of color and fragrance. 'The world,' remarks that essayist I've just quoted, 'answers to the spirit that plays upon it, as musical instruments answer to the musician; and if cloud, sunshine, and breeze (the fine playing of Nature), did not descend upon earth precisely as they do at this moment, there's good reason to suppose that neither fruit nor any thing else would be precisely what it is.' The birds would lose tone, and the strawberries relish!"

"Quite true," we assented; "but, by-the-way, Horace, it strikes us, and, strange to say, for the first time, that this beautiful fruit, the delicate aristocrat of the garden, is most absurdly misnamed. *Strawberry*, indeed! how prosaic! and, besides, in what respect does the berry resemble straw?"

"Ignorant Boeotian!" cried Horace; "why, did you never read a book upon pomology? Well, luckily, I have, and am so in a position to inform you that in England the name—strawberry—originated in the custom of putting straw between the fruit and the ground, to keep it dry, or perhaps, as Phillips suggests in his 'History of Fruits,' from an ancient practice among children of threading the wild berries upon straws of grass. You know the Italian name is '*fragola*,' fragrant."

"*A propos* of which," said we, "it occurs to us that the strawberry may claim a very respectable position in literature—in Italian literature, at all events. Genial, garrulous, imitable Leigh Hunt, to whom every pleasant nook, and cool, odorous by-path of letters, ancient and modern, was sweetly familiar, has introduced us to an Italian poet, who, though a Jesuit and theologian, was evidently a good fellow and cordial companion, with the 'prettiest knack of verse.'

"He wrote more than one thousand lines upon strawberries, which, however, he bitterly condemned if divorced from sugar.

"He invokes them before him," says Hunt, "which he enthusiastically acknowledges, and then tells them, like some capricious sultan, that he doesn't choose to see their faces. No! they must hide them, he declares; put on their veils, to wit, of sugar! 'Strawberries and sugar' are to him what 'sack and sugar' were to Falstaff, the indispensable companions, the sovereign remedy for all evil, the climax of—good. He finds fault with Molière's 'Imaginary Sick Man' for not hating them, since if he had eaten them they would have cured his hypochondria."

"And then our poet breaks out with—

"For my part, I confess I fairly swill
And stuff myself with strawberries; and abuse
The doctors all the while, draught, powder, and pill;
And wonder how any sane head can choose
To have their nauseous jalape, and their—bill,
All which, like so much poison, I refuse.
Give me a glut of strawberries, and lo!
Sweet through my blood and very bones they go!"

"To our Jesuit minstrel, the strawberry," Hunt continues, "evidently had its merits in the Creation as well as the star, and he knew how to give each its due. Nay, he runs the joke down like a humorist who could do nothing else but joke if he pleased, but gracefully withhold, and with a sense of nature above his art, like a true lover of poetry:

"His poem ends in the following bridal climax, which he plainly considered the highest one possible, and the very cream even of strawberries and sugar. He has just been apostrophizing two young friends of his, newly married, of the celebrated Venetian families of Mocenigo and Loredano; and this is the blessing wherewith he concludes, pleasantly smiling at the end of his gravity:

"Arouud this living pair may joy serene,
On wings of balm, for ever wind and play;
And laughing Health her roses shake betwixen,
Making their life one long, sweet, flowery way!"

May bliss, true bliss, pure, self-possessed of men,
Be absent from their side, no, not a day!
In short, to sum up all that earth can prize,
May they have sugar to their strawberries!"

"Clever and amusing enough," said Horace, a trifle sneeringly—as he is wont to do, whenever a *recherché* quotation has been started and run to earth by another than himself. "But really, one might suppose, from your air and manner, that the strawberry was honored nowhere except in Italian verse. Why, by the fair Pomona, were I only in the humor—well 'I th' vein' just now, I could overwhelm, drown you, sir, with quotations from Greek, Hebrew, Latin, and a half-dozen languages more, all touching upon the strawberry with a luscious beauty and harmony befitting the subject. But I spare—shall we say your patience, or—your ignorance? 'Tis enough to remark that Shakespeare, who mentions every thing on the earth, about the earth, and in the waters under the earth, has repeatedly introduced the strawberry.

"Look here" (taking a volume from his pocket), "I was studying Richard III. last night, and in Scene IV., Act III., I came upon the following: 'Enter GLOSTER to the Bishop of ELY, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, and HASTINGS,' an entrance to the council which Sir Thomas More describes thus quaintly: 'The Lord Protector comes, firste about IX of the clocke, saluting them curteusly, and excusing himself that he had ben from them soe long, saing merily that he had ben aslepe that day. And after a little talking, he said unto the Bishop of Ely, "My Lord, you have very good *Strawberries* in your gardayne, in Holberne; I require you, let us have a messe of them."'" But mark how the play runs:

"Ely.—In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

"Gloster.—My noble lords and cousins all, good-morrow;

I have been long a sleeper, but I trust

My absence doth neglect no great design

Which, by my presence, might have been concluded.

"Buck.—Hast you not come upon your cue, my lord,

William, Lord Hastings, had pronounced your part—

I mean your voice for crowning of the king.

"Gloster.—Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there;

I do beseech you, send for some of them.

"Ely.—Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. *Exit Ely.*

"Soon after the bishop hurries back, and no doubt, being a fat ecclesiastic, in a fine state of pother and perspiration.

"Where," he cries, "where is my lord protector? I have sent For these same strawberries!"

"One fancies Richard, despite his 'cheerful looks,' and 'smooth good-morning,' seizing upon the pottle of strawberries, when they arrive, crushing them with tigerish haste, and perhaps glancing at his deeply-stained fingers with a sort of prescient approval, as if he saw in the red juices some resemblance to the human blood he has already determined to have shed.

"Sir John Suckling, archest and sweetest of balladists, in his forgotten tragedy of 'Brennoralt,' portrays his beautiful heroine as one possessed of—

"Eyes full and quick,
With breath as sweet as double violet,
And wholesome as dying leaves of strawberries!"

"You are apt at illustrations," said we, "but don't let us forget the medicinal virtues of the strawberry. All physicians agree that to the feeblest digestion they are not merely innocuous, but highly beneficial. Fevers and gout they are said to cure; and, of their efficacy as regards the former diseases, we have no less authority than Fontenelle, who affirms that 'he owed his longevity to them, in consequence of their having regularly cooled a fever which he had every spring.' 'Oh!' he used to exclaim, 'if I can only reach the season of strawberries!'

"Even the great Linnaeus praises them, for he found they were the 'sovereign balm' wherewith to assuage the torments of gout. Böerhaave too—"

"Excellent, indubitable," said our companion, dryly, interrupting us, "and, meanwhile, you are not likely to get any more of the beatific berries for your own use during the season, unless you drop your pedantries for practical powder and shot. Look at those birds among the fruit; how they gobble!"

"Pshaw!" we retorted, "you are a cockney, Horace, and your eye-glass exaggerates; what harm can those three or four dainty little epicures do us? I don't believe you even know what they are!—but listen to the thanks we receive for vouchsafing them entertainment!"

Whereupon, the eldest of the mocking-birds, his repast over, perched himself upon a neighboring tree, and poured forth his whole soul in such a song, an *abandon* of rapture so exquisite and complete, that all the sweet echoes rose, as it were, on tiptoe to catch the liquid notes, and to prolong them in infinite trills of harmony.

As for Horace, he being more of a poet than a cockney, listened spell-bound, and had the grace, I could perceive, of feeling thoroughly ashamed of his barbarous allusion to powder and shot.

SPRING AND THE POETS.

SPRING in this climate may fairly be said to extend from the middle of March to the middle of June, at least the vernal tide continues to rise till that time. The shoots and twigs do not begin to harden and turn to wood till then, and up to that date the grass has lost none of its freshness and succulence. In May, perhaps, the sap is most lively, and the world the tenderest and freshest. How universal the delight in Nature then! Existence has a new zest. The languor of the early spring is gone, and our sleepy sense thrills to a new touch. In reading at this time, who does not more and more turn to the poets to find some expression of the delight he has in the world? And the poets have all felt this delight, and have responded to it with varying success, from the oldest to the latest. The responses of some of the latest are contained in the current May magazines. The most formidable and ambitious of these is perhaps Bayard Taylor's "Maytime Pastoral" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a poem which would hardly keep alive the tradition of spring, if that blessed season were to perish from the earth, but which nevertheless has some good lines:

"Something I think of fresher happiness comes to the people;
Something blooms in the daffodil, something sings in the robin,
He is in the neighboring field, a clown in all but his garments,
Watching the sprouting corn, and planting his beggarly scarecrow.
Feels, methinks, unblushing, the tenderer side of his nature;
Yonder, surely the woman, stooped at the foot of her garden,
Setting the infant seeds with the thrust of her motherly finger,
Dreams of the past or the future—the children, or children that may be."

Of quite different metal is the intense naturalism of Walt Whitman's suggestive lines in the May *Galaxy*; his "Warble for Lilac-time":

"—the *hydas* croaking in the ponds—the elastic air,
Bees, butterflies, the sparrow with its simple notes,
Bluebird and darting sparrow—nor forget the high-hole, flashing his golden
wings,

The tranquil sunny haze, the clinging smoke, the vapor,
Spiritual, airy insects, humming on gossamer wings,
Shimmer of waters, with fish in them—the cerulean above;
All that is jocund and sparkling—the brooks running,
The maple-woods, the crisp February days, and the sugar-making,
The robin where he hops, bright-eyed, brown-breasted,
With musical clear call at sunrise, and again at sunset," etc.

The charm of these lines is in their simple enumeration of objects that are characteristic of the spring, or most prominent then.* The "spiritual, airy insects humming on gossamer wings" may be a little premature, as the insect carnival belongs more properly to midsummer, and the "hydas" or hyloides, "croaking in the ponds," is a rarer occurrence than the *hydas* croaking or piping in the marshes; and, though what first calls our attention to the high-hole is not the flashing of his golden wing, but his loud, long-breathed call, yet there is a genuine reminiscence of spring in the lines fresh and vivid. The poets are very apt to make these little slips when they wish to be particular. Their natural-history information is not always reliable. Thus Bayard Taylor, in the poem referred to, makes the lark respond aloft to the mellow flute of the bluebird, when in reality the lark, as known in English literature, is not found on this continent. From another current May poem, one would infer that the wild-pigeons came with the bobolinks, and that the red-winged blackbird was an ecstatic warbler. Even Emerson, in his "May-day," says:

"The sparrow, meek, prophetic-eyed,
Her nest beside the snow-bank weaves,
Secure, the osier-branch will hide
Her callow brood with mantling leaves."

I have found many a sparrow's nest, but never one till the snow-banks were all gone.* The phœbe-bird may build before the last snow is off, but it is always in a sheltered location. But how true to both fact and fancy is this stanza from Emerson's poem on the "Humble-bee," which is a real spring idyl!—

* The writer probably forgets that the snow-banks in New England last longer than those of the latitude in which he writes.—ED. JOURNAL.

"When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, insuing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass."

But whole poems, that have the feeling or sentiment of spring in them, are rare. Indeed, I do not know where to turn to one among the younger poets. Reid's "Last Scene" will do for an autumn-piece, and Trowbridge has written some good verses on "Midsummer;" but the humid spring, with its tender, melting-blue sky, its fresh, earthy smells, its few, simple signs and awakening here and there, and its strange feeling of unrest, has not been fully put into words. The poets attempt too much. Emerson's "May-day," at times, is full of spring-sounds; but, on the whole, Emerson's muse is more wise than joyous.

In spring every thing has such a margin; there are such spaces of silence. The influences are at work underground. Our delight is in a few things. The drying road is enough; a single wild-flower, the note of the first bird, the partridge drumming in the April woods, the restless herds, the sheep steering for the uplands, the cow lowing in the highway or hiding her calf in the bushes, the first fires, the smoke going up through the shining atmosphere, from the burning of rubbish in gardens and old fields, etc., each of these simple things fills the breast with yearning and delight, for they are tokens of the spring. The best spring-poems have this singleness and sparseness. Listen to Solomon: "The rains are over and gone; the time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." In Wordsworth are some things that breathe the air of spring. The lines, beginning

"I heard thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood, when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind,"

afford one of the best specimens. At this season I often find myself repeating these lines of him also:

"My heart leaps up, when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it, when my life began;
So is it, now I am a man;
So be it, when I shall grow old;
Or let me die!"

Though there are so few good poems especially commemorative of the spring, there have, no doubt, been spring-poets—poets with such newness and fulness of life and such quickening power, that the world is re-created, as it were, beneath their touch. Of course, this is in a measure so with all real poets. But the difference I would indicate may exist between poets of the same or nearly the same magnitude. Thus, in this light, Tennyson is an autumnal poet, mellow and dead-ripe, and was so from the first, while Wordsworth has much more of the spring in him, is nearer the bone of things and to primitive conditions.

Among the old poems one, which seems to me to have much of the charm of spring-time upon it, is the story of Cupid and Psyche in Apuleius. The songs, gambols, and wooings of the early birds are not more welcome and suggestive. How graceful and airy, and yet what a tender, profound, human significance it contains! But the great vernal poem, doubly so in that it is the expression of the spring-time of the race, the boyhood of man as well, is the "Iliad" of Homer. What faith, what simple wonder, what unconscious strength, what beautiful savagery, what magnanimous enmity—a very paradise of war!

Among prose-works one can read Emerson's "Nature" and "Addresses" and Thoreau's "Walden" in the spring and early summer, and find much in their pages that responds to the soft rains and the genial days. But, if I were to name the imaginative prose-writer of my acquaintance, whose spirit seems nearest akin to spring, I should name the Norwegian author, Biörnson, whose romances have so recently been given to us. Their essence and atmosphere is that of the tenderest poetry; and, what especially makes them spring-like, is their freshness and sweet, good faith. There is also a reticence

and an unwrought suggestiveness about them that is like the promise of buds and early flowers. Indeed, such old-time singleness and truthfulness, and such fresh bloom of the imagination, is a phenomenon in modern romance-writing.

EDMOND ABOUT.

ALTHOUGH M. Edmond About has but just completed his forty-second year, he has been, for nearly twenty years, one of the most prolific writers in France. The range of his productions includes great variety, both in topic and in style. Starting out on his career as a playwright, he has also appeared before the reading public as a novelist, a theological writer, a political philosopher, an author on finance, and an essayist. He is rather a sprightly thinker than a profound thinker, and his productions rather sparkle with quick Gallic wit and clear, intuitive logic than give evidence of deep philosophical contemplation. He unites with a vivacity of style, remarkable even in a Frenchman, inventive powers which have won him a high rank in an age and country in which this quality seems to be peculiarly active.

EDMOND FRANÇOIS VALENTIN ABOUT was born at Dieuze, in the department of the Meurthe, in

February, 1828. He was educated at the Lycée Charlemagne, where, in 1848, he won the highest prize offered to the students of that school. Three years later he entered the French school at Athens, where he had abundant opportunity to engage in congenial studies, not only of the history and archaeology of ancient Greece, but the condition, manners, and prospects of the modern Greeks. In the year preceding that in which he entered the Lycée Charlemagne, he had written a *souvenir*, called "Plus on est de Fous," which, although well noticed, was not put upon the stage. His Greek experiences afforded him the material for his first book, which had a general circulation and popularity. "La Grèce Contemporaine" appeared in 1854, after M. About's return to Paris, and was soon after translated and published in London. It is a vivacious, amusing, most

readable, and really instructive book, full of the author's own lively grace, and presenting a picture of the modern Greeks which filled an almost vacant place in modern French literature. In the same year he illustrated his life at and impressions of Rome, in an autobiographical tale contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, entitled "Tolla; a Tale of Modern Rome." He now entered energetically into literary work, and there has been no year, since 1854, that has not witnessed the publication of sometimes two, sometimes three or four, productions from his pen. In 1856 appeared "Guillery," a comedy in three acts, and "Les Mariages de Paris;" in 1857 he was associated with M. Galopin in the editorship of *L'Âne Savant*, and in this year he also published a story called "The King of the Mountains;" in 1858

he issued a volume of tales, including "Trente et Quarante," "Sans Dot," "Les Parents de Bernard," and "Maitre Pierre;" in 1859, a *souvenir*, "Risette;" in 1860, one of his most remarkable works, "The Roman Question," "Considerations on the Liberty of Instruction," "Le Capitaine Bitterlin" (a comedy in one act), "The New Map of Europe," and "Prussia in 1860;" in 1861, "Un Mariage de Paris" (a comedy, which he wrote in conjunction with M. Émile de Naja), "Contemporary Rome," "The Round of Wrong," a romance, "Letters of a Good Young Man to his Cousin Madeleine," of which a second series appeared two years later, and a

financial satire called "Ces Coquins d'Agents de Change;" in 1862, "Gaetane," a drama in five acts, and the two stories by which he is perhaps best known in the United States, "The Nose of a Notary," and "The Man with the Broken Ear;" in 1863, "Madilon," a novel; in 1864, "Le Progrès," "L'Infâme;" in 1865, "The Uncle and Nephew," "The Golden Pens," "The Old Rock," "The Unforeseen Husband," tales; in 1866, "Money Questions," "Causes;" and in 1868, "Marriages in the Provinces," and "Ancient History." How many are the subjects which have engaged the attention of M. About, and how zealously he has labored in his vocation, may be judged from these results. His politics, which strongly tincture his literary productions, may be described as liberal-imperialist, and he belongs to the school of literary politicians of



EDMOND ABOUT.

which Sainte-Beuve was the chief ornament, and who rejoiced in the accession of Émile Ollivier to the premiership. About has always been at once friendly to the emperor and an earnest advocate of constitutional and administrative reform in a liberal direction. His book on "The Roman Question," which had a very large and rapid circulation, and was republished in London, was a remarkable *exposé* of the Papal Government, and a vigorous attack upon the temporal power of the pope. Although published at Brussels, and vehemently attacked by the semi-official organs at Paris, the author is believed to have written it with the emperor's cognizance and approval. The work is a much more attractive one than its title would lead one to think; it is not wholly taken up with argument, but presents a vivid historical picture of Rome under the popes; discusses the necessities and describes the patrimony of the temporal power; shows the condition of the pope's subjects, giving a separate chapter each to the plebeians, the middle classes, and the nobility of Rome; entertains us with a minute account of Pius IX., whom he vividly describes as "a respectable old man, whose character is made up of devotion, simplicity, vanity, weakness, and obstinacy, with occasional touches of rancor—a good priest, an indifferent king, and a very ordinary intellect;" gives a piquant dissection of Antonelli, his precedents, traits, and influence; then, passing to graver chapters, discusses with clear-sightedness the priestly government, political severities, impunity of real crime, intolerance, popular education, the French occupation, and the material interests and finances of the papacy. No more entertaining or sprightly work has been written upon this subject, one whose importance has increased every year since the book was published.

Next to "The Roman Question," M. About's most important political work was "Le Progrès," published in 1864. This work is one of the best examples of his manner of dealing with serious subjects. While aiming to discuss the elements of progress discernible in the age in which it is written, it abounds with anecdote, passed frequently from an argumentative to a colloquial style, and is full of the author's sprightly, wide-awake, and sympathetic temperament. He discusses in turn "the great problem," "well-being," the progress of the nineteenth century, questions of labor and rights, social and political, association, progress as seen alike in city and country, the state, property, financial progress, that of belles-lettres, the arts and manners and customs, education, repression, politics, and war. The work is a most entertaining *résumé* of the condition of France at the period when it was written; it is hopeful, while critical, and contains rather many bright and intelligent ideas than profound opinions. "Prussia in 1860" is written in the same style, and has the same charm of gaining the attention at the outset, and of putting much valuable information in a singularly-attractive form. These political works, in all of which he showed himself to be, while a Catholic, earnestly anti-papist, and in which he appeared as the champion of a French Church independent of the Holy See, brought down upon him the bitterest anathemas from the ultramontane party, and especially from Louis Veuillot, editor of the *Univers*. His "Man with the Broken Ear," imagining the scientific resuscitation, by a process of desiccation, of a soldier of the first Napoleon, in the time of the third Napoleon, and giving an amusing picture of what such a one's impressions and adventures would be, has been translated by Henry Holt, of New York, with rare fidelity and spirit; and many of our readers have doubtless lingered with delight over its pages. It is said that M. About, who was commissioned by the emperor, two years ago, to make a report on the state of public opinion in the French provinces, will be appointed, under the new régime, to a prefecture. He is prepossessing in personal appearance; has the look of a cheery man of the world; his form full, and approaching to corpulence; his face round; his expression lively; his small, black eyes full of activity, humor, and inquisitiveness; about medium height, and seeming rather younger than he is, with the jaunty and prosperous air of a successful and pleasure-loving Parisian man of letters. Should the constitutional experiment meet with success, we may expect to see M. About rise to distinguished positions in political life, from which he has been hitherto shut out by the liberality of his opinions. As a novelist and playwright—unless "The Nose of a Notary" and "The Man with the Broken Ear" are to be classed as novels—M. About's success has been limited. In the domain of political controversy, he has shown himself strongest; and, as he possesses a spirited and popular style of speaking in public, he will, if he enters upon a political career, be an ornament to the Chamber. He is not made of such stuff as is neces-

sary in a great political leader, in a dynastic or revolutionary chief in stormy eras; but he has the graces of a polished French gentleman, and a quick and ready intelligence, which would give him a marked advantage in the stirring debates which are so constant in that assembly.

ENGLISH CHANNEL RAILROAD.

THE most plausible plan for building a railroad across the English Channel, and the one which the Emperor Napoleon pronounces to be practicable, is that of Messrs. Bateman and Révy, who have published a pamphlet containing the following account of their project:

"We propose to lay a tube of cast-iron on the bottom of the sea, between coast and coast, to be commenced on one side of the channel, and to be built up within the inside of a horizontal cylinder, or bell, or chamber, which shall be constantly pushed forward as the building-up of the tube proceeds. The bell, or chamber, within which the tube is to be constructed, will be about eighty feet in length, eighteen feet internal diameter, and composed of cast-iron rings eight inches thick, securely bolted together. The interior of the bell will be bored out to a true cylindrical surface, like the inside of a steam-cylinder. The tube to be constructed within it will consist of cast-iron plates in segments four inches in thickness, connected by flanges, bolted together inside the tube, leaving a clear diameter of thirteen feet when finished. Surrounding this tube, and forming part of it, will be constructed annular disks or diaphragms, the outside circumference of which will accurately fit the interior of the bell. These diaphragms will be furnished with arrangements for making perfectly water-tight joints for the purpose of excluding sea-water and securing a dry chamber, within which the various operations for building up the tube, and for pressing forward the bell as each ring of the tube is added, will be performed. Within this chamber, powerful hydraulic presses, using the built and completed portion of the tube as a fulcrum, will, as each ring is completed, push forward the bell to a sufficient distance to admit the addition of another ring to the tube. The bell will slide over the water-tight joints described, one of which will be left behind as the bell is projected forward, leaving three always in operation against the sea. The weight of the bell and of the machinery within it will be a little in excess of the weight of water displaced, and therefore the only resistance to be overcome by the hydraulic presses, when pushing forward the bell, is the friction due to the slight difference in weight and the head or column of water pressing upon the sectional area of the bell against its forward motion. In like manner, the specific gravity of the tube will be a little in excess of the weight of water which it displaces; and, in order to obtain a firm footing upon the bottom of the sea, the tube will be weighted by a lining of brick in cement, and, for its further protection, will be tied to the ground by screw-piles, which will pass through stuffing-boxes in the bottom of the tube. These piles will, during the construction of the tube within the bell-chamber, be introduced in the annular space between the outside of the tube and the inside of the bell, and will be screwed into the ground as they are left behind by the progression of the bell. The hydraulic presses and the other hydraulic machinery, which will be employed for lifting and fixing the various segments of the tube, will be supplied with the power required for working them from accumulators on shore, on Sir William Armstrong's system, and the supply of fresh air required for the sustenance of the workmen employed within the bell and within the tube, will be insured also by steam-power on shore. As the tube is completed, the rails will be laid within it for the trains of wagons to be employed in bringing up segments of the rings as they may be required for the constructions of the tube, and for taking back the waste-water from the hydraulic presses, or any water from leakage during the construction.

"The tube will be formed of rings of ten feet in length, each ring consisting of six segments, all precisely alike, turned and faced at the flanges or joints, and fitted together on shore previous to being taken into the bell, so that on their arrival the segments may, with perfect certainty and precision, be attached to each other. The building of the tube will be commenced on dry land above the level of the sea, and will be gradually submerged as the tube lengthens. The operations on dry land will be attended with more difficulty than those under water; but all these circumstances have been carefully considered and provided for.

"The precise line to be taken between the English and French coasts can hardly be determined without a more minute survey of the bottom of the channel than at present exists. It will probably be between a point in close proximity to Dover on the English coast, and a point in close proximity to Cape Grisnez on the French coast. On the line suggested, the water increases in depth on both sides of the channel more rapidly than elsewhere, although in no instance will the gradient be more than about one in a hundred. The tube at each end would gradually emerge from the water, and, on arriving above the level of the sea, would be connected with the existing railway system, so that the same carriage may travel all the way from London to Paris, or, if Captain Tyler's anticipations be realized, all the way from John O'Groats to Bombay.

"The distance across the channel, on the line chosen, is about twenty-two miles. The tube, as proposed, is large enough for the passage of carriages of the present ordinary construction, and to avoid the objections to the use of locomotives in a tube of so great a length, and the nuisance which would be thereby created, and taking advantage of the perfect circular form which the mechanical operation of turning, facing, etc., will insure, it is proposed to work the traffic by pneumatic pressure. The air will be exhausted on one side of the train and forced in on the other, and so the required difference of pressure will be given for carrying the train through at any determined speed. Powerful steam-engines, with the necessary apparatus for exhausting and forcing the air into the tube, will be erected on shore at each end; and, supposing one tube only to exist, the traffic will be worked alternately in each direction.

"It has been found, by calculation, that, for moving a large amount of tonnage and a great number of passengers, the most economical arrangement will be to send combined goods and passenger-trains through the tube at twenty miles an hour, with occasional express-trains at thirty miles an hour. Thus, an ordinary or slow train would occupy about sixty-six minutes in the transit, and a quick or express-train about forty-five minutes. In this way the tube, if fully worked, would permit the passage of sixteen ordinary slow trains (eight each way), and six express-trains (three each way), each conveying both goods and passengers. About ten thousand tons of goods per day, or upward of three millions per annum, and five thousand passengers, or nearly two millions per annum, might be taken through, or a less amount of goods and a larger number of passengers, or *vice versa*, if circumstances rendered other proportions necessary or desirable.

"The horse-power required for working the traffic with the above number of ordinary and express trains will be, on the average, one thousand seven hundred and fifty indicated, or about four hundred nominal horse-power at each end."

TABLE-TALK.

MR. ELIHU BURRITT recently addressed an article to a London magazine in regard to the retention of the letter *w* in certain words, such as *honour*, *favour*, *colour*, etc. Mr. Burritt defended the American custom of dropping this letter from words ending in *our*, and suggested an ingenious calculation as to the waste of time by Englishmen in writing *w*, and the waste of space in printing it. This, of course, is in keeping with the numerous arguments used by defendants of phonetic spelling, and for this reason we pay if our regards. Phonetic spelling seems to us but little better than a barbarism, not merely because it purposes a ruthless warfare on established usages, but because its warfare is in utter ignorance of some of the essential qualities of words. Language is not solely addressed to the ear; it appeals with equal force to the eye. Words have sound, apparent to our sense of hearing; and they have form, apparent to our sense of sight. We more often see words than we hear them; or, if this is not true with all, it is so with that cultivated class to whom literature is a familiar recreation or employment. "Every word," says Dean Trench, "has two existences, as a spoken word and a written; and you have no right to sacrifice one of these, or even subordinate it wholly to the other. A word exists as truly for the eye as for the ear." Words, we may say, have an aesthetic quality; they have a body or form familiar to our perceptions, with which are many happy and sweet associations, and, despoiled of their full proportions, come to our apprehensions maimed, imperfect, and shorn, as it were, of half their meaning. That this is no mere sentimental notion is evi-

dent in the fact that, while we now in America spell *honor*, *color*, *favor*, etc., without the *w* in the final syllable, we never spell *Saviour* in this way. "Savior" is a word without significance to the eye; we cannot associate with the word *Saviour*—endeared to us for so many reasons, rendered reverend, and holy, and inspiring—this shorn, ravaged, and despoiled *Savior*. And no fact better than this can establish the aesthetic quality of words, which a barbarous phonetic spelling would utterly destroy. Who for a moment could discover in "hom" the sign of that spot so endeared to us all? Who could find in "frend" the inspiriting associations of *friend*? Who could be tender with such a word as "luv"? And words have not only a form and presence; they not only speak to the eye, but they are often "translucent with their inner thought, as an alabaster vase is lighted up by a lamp placed within it." Bacon long since pronounced the argument that writing "should be consonant to speaking" a branch of "unprofitable subtlety," and urges one objection to the so-called reform, to which we have not referred: "That thereby the derivations of words, especially from foreign languages, are utterly defaced and extinguished." Words, as all students of language know, often embody facts of history or convictions of the moral sense; they are not merely arbitrary signs, but are instinct with ideas and associations; and, if we attempt to express them in new, barren, and clipped forms, they will lose a certain quality which now gives them mellowness and sweetness. Do not let us make language a mere congregation of fleshless skeletons; let words be considered as forms which require a proper garb, graceful to the eye by their pleasurable fulness.

— Several conspicuous citizens having declined a nomination for aldermen at the recent municipal election in this city, their conduct elicited no little comment, if not censure, from many of our journals. It had long been felt that the misrule in our city affairs could only be remedied by that form of government which, in its natural operations, would bring into office a better class of citizens than now usually fill official position. It was believed that the recent change in our municipal system, by which the Board of Aldermen should be elected at large instead of by wards, would have this effect; and, consequently, no little disappointment was experienced when the gentlemen referred to refused to be candidates. Our object in commenting upon the matter is to point out what seems to us errors, or misapprehensions, in some of the arguments uttered by the newspapers in decanting upon the case. One journal remarks:

"Our wealthy citizens shrink from the expenditure of time and diligence necessary for a proper fulfilment of the duties of an alderman. They feel that their habitual assiduity would be more profitable to themselves, if exerted in their own business, than in that of the public. They would lose altogether more by neglecting their own affairs than they would save in taxes. This feeling pervades our whole business community, or at least the thriving, prosperous part of it; and it will always prevent those who suffer most by municipal extravagance from taking an active part in the administration of the city government. The city government is costly; but it is cheaper to our heavy business-men than it would be to administer it themselves. If fifteen men like Moses Taylor were in the Board of Aldermen, and the city paid them enough for their services to make up their losses by neglect of their own business, the municipal government would be more expensive than it is at present. Although the city taxes are exorbitant, such men prefer to "sy and grumble, so long as the city business is more cheaply transacted than it could be by themselves, if their compensation equalled their sacrifices. They live and grow rich in spite of the taxes, and prefer that a knot of city officers shall have a chance to make money, rather than to step into their shoes and relieve the tax-payers at a greater expense to themselves."

Now, all this assumes that the class of citizens referred to are tax-payers, as distinguished from a class that are not—and this distinction is an improper one. Every man is a tax-payer to the extent that he is a consumer, and no more. No matter how large may be the sum a wealthy citizen *advances* to the tax-collector, he is always repaid on all that portion of his property sold, or rented, or used by others. Taxes enter into rent as one of its elements; it is not the owner, but an occupant of building, that pays the taxes levied upon it. This may seem too obvious to repeat; but, if so obvious, why do we ceaselessly hear of tax-payers spoken of as a distinct class? And the real reason why our wealthy citizens, rather than trouble themselves with the duties and responsibilities of official position, prefer to "pay and grumble," is, that of the amount they do pay, a large proportion comes back to them from their tenants, while their own share makes,

at worst, but a small inroad upon their income. These men do not suffer from high taxes; the real sufferers are those commonly set down as not tax-payers. The large middle class which are so oppressed by high rents, many of whom never see the inside of a tax-office, are those to whom high taxes are a burden. Small property-owners also experience heavily the extravagance and waste of government. A widow, for instance, who owns the domicile in which she lives, and has some small yearly pittance besides, must deny herself and her children many comforts, in order to pay tax-bills, swollen by a corruption which she has no power to reform, and which "wealthy citizens" grumble about, but take no steps to prevent. And this will be likely to continue until our citizens arouse to a higher public spirit, or come to perceive that the only scientific remedy for the evils of government is a rigid limitation of the powers and responsibilities of government. Whenever we reduce government to its minimum of duties, we shall have done something toward cutting down our taxes. But we deceive ourselves, in considering this subject, if we suppose one portion of the community to be tax-payers and another portion not.

— A writer in a Southern journal inquires why "Southern home-life has never been fairly and truthfully portrayed" by Southern novelists. It was our impression that this had been done more successfully for the South than for many other portions of the Union. New-England rural life has been so fully and carefully delineated by the artists of the pen that its characteristics are pretty well known everywhere, and so also, it seemed to us, has been the Southern plantation life. Of some phases of it, no doubt, little is known, especially in Louisiana, and up the Red River, among the French descendants. We had some singular glimpses of life in these last-mentioned regions in the novels of "Sealsfield," published many years ago; but this was a German writer, and we may suspect the truthfulness of some of his colors. Of the average life in the Middle States, or at least of all those forms of it not developed after the New-England pattern, our novelists have given us but a little. Bayard Taylor's delineations are probably accurate, but they are cold; they are like a landscape painted under a sombre gray sky, and in dull tints. In some of Cooper's novels there are a few very pleasant glimpses of this life—such as in the early chapters of "Miles Wallingford." But our average town-life remains almost entirely unpainted. The squalor of Five Points, and the parvenuism of Fifth Avenue, have tempted a good many pens, and have been the cause of no little extravagant writing; but the average cultivated Philadelphia or New-York home, so far as we can recall, remains almost entirely undescribed. Theodore Fay's novels do contain something of the sort pertaining to New York a generation ago; but of our current life who is the historian? Possibly the material is not very inviting. We are almost all of us devoted to business, and going "down town" to office, and "up town" to dinner, do not afford very thrilling situations. But there are human passion and human character assuredly behind all this routine. The New-York or Philadelphia girl is bright, vivacious, and has local characteristics; New-York young men have their points, which a Thackeray would be sure to discover and felicitously touch. Does any American novel give us a group of town-bred people happily hit off—people, we mean, of average quality, not vulgar upstarts, would-be aristocrats, *parvenus*, Yankee adventurers, literary Bohemians, or others of the coarse and "loud" characteristics that usually get into novels of American character? We do not all live in boarding-houses in New York! We are not all of us suddenly-enriched soap-makers. Every man you meet here is not a Jonathan Slick from Wathersfield. There is really in New York, although our novelists do not know it, a society that has tone, culture, and quality; one that, having its foibles, has also its charm and its settled manners. Our story-writers, we fear, find it much easier to depict strong characteristics, to repaint for us the traditional *parvenu* or provincial, than to make fresh and truthful studies of life as it is.

Literary Notes.

A REMARKABLE work, entitled "The Principles of Political Science," has just been published in France, by M. E. de Parien, member of the Institute. This book, being a work of general theory, and consequently purely scientific, is not written in view of a determined political situation, and of particular circumstances; it contains ten chap-

ters, which may be divided into two parts, the first of which, devoted to the fundamental principles of the constitution of societies, exhibits and analyzes the different forms of government: monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, and mixed governments. The second part has for its object the relation existing between the constitution of the state and that of the family, between the principle of central government and provincial and local institutions, likewise between religious and political institutions. The author next treats upon international policy, colonies, the formation of nations, treaties, federal bonds, and war. The concluding chapter of the work has for its title "The End and Best Form of Government." M. de Parien unites in his own person the science of the philosopher with the experience of the statesman, and the great merit of his book consists in substituting exact notions respecting each institution, in place of the undecided opinions prevailing in the world, and in following through human vicissitudes the principle of all governments considered as an active and living power. His book is therefore in the highest degree useful to the present generation, being well calculated to assist in tranquillizing troubled minds, and preparing the pacific solution of social problems.

In Dickens' new story, the portrait of Durdles, like that of the Fat Boy, is said to be taken from life. "The Confessions of an Opium-Eater" forms the groundwork of the sketch of Jasper, although Dickens has spent hours in studying the effects of the drug upon Chinamen and their companions at the East-End. These opium-eating scenes have, it is said, been submitted in proof to a physician of high standing for his suggestions, in order to make them psychologically accurate. Sir Bulwer Lytton submitted the plot of his "Night and Morning" to a barrister in the form of a case for his opinion, and paid the fee upon it in the ordinary form. This is the only way to anticipate criticism nowadays.

The last volume extant of Barbin's 12mo edition of "Nouvelles en vers de l'Arioste et de Boccace," by Lafontaine, was recently purchased by an amateur, at a sale of rare and precious books in Paris, at the handsome price of twenty-eight hundred and fifty francs (five hundred and seventy dollars). Barbin was a publisher of some celebrity in the seventeenth century; his name occurs in Molière's comedy, "Les femmes savantes."

Montalembert is described as having been of good height and figure, and in mien quiet and distinguished. His hair fell over his shoulders. It was difficult to judge from his face whether pride or humility had the mastery, for, while the expression was very gentle, there was a decided air of *hauteur* about it. He was the first of his family who fought with the pen instead of the sword—a circumstance noted in the preface to his "Monks of the West."

The "Leabhar na Huidri," an ancient Irish collection of writings, will shortly appear in fac-simile. The proof-sheets are being revised at the Royal Irish Academy. The book, which takes its name from having been originally written upon the skin of a red calf, is of very early date, and was preserved at the Abbey of Clonmacnoise. The numerous glosses which it contains render it of considerable philological value.

Signore Alessandro Manzoni, the Italian poet and novelist, on the 7th of March last received the congratulations of a very numerous body of friends and admirers, on his having completed the eighty-fifth year of his age in perfect health. The Milanese newspapers took the opportunity of publishing his baptismal certificate from the parish registry of San Babila.

The Earl of Albemarle is preparing for publication a volume of memoirs and reminiscences that will throw a pleasant light upon a dismal period of English history—the close of the regency, and the beginning of George IV.'s reign. Lord Albemarle's grandmother, Lady de Clifford, held the office of governess to the Princess Charlotte.

"By the Grace of God," a new German romance of the period of the English Commonwealth, by John Rondenber, is described by the *Saturday Review* as readily distinguished from the general run of German novels by the remarkable finish and elegance of the style—every page bearing the impress of a highly-cultivated mind.

Professor Antoine Gridely, of the University of Prague, has published the first volume of a "History of the Thirty Years' War." The author has been for sixteen years collecting materials for this work, and the result is a number of new facts of great value. The *Revue Critique* speaks very highly of the volume issued.

Compilations of information on the subject of Mormonism are common in Europe. A German work of the kind, by Dr. Busch, recently issued, is described as very complete, its information being copious and agreeably conveyed.

The Swedenborgians, English and American, have raised upward of three thousand pounds toward photo-lithographing Swedenborg's

manuscripts, preserved in the library of the Academy of Sciences, Stockholm.

Sainte-Beuve's library has just been sold. In his Homer was written, "Finished reading the *Odyssey* for the third time, July 30, 1856." He used to compare Homer to the Nile, the father of rivers and source of ancient fertilization.

It may be interesting to state that the earlier scenes of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" refer to the old cathedral city of Rochester, England, on the confines of which Mr. Charles Dickens has resided for many years.

Mrs. Robinson, the widow of the Orientalist, Dr. Robinson, has died at Hamburg. She was well known as a writer, under the nom de plume of "Talj." One of her early works, "Serbische Lieder" (1826), was undertaken at the suggestion of Goethe.

M. Botta, noted for his early discoveries in the ruins of Khorsabad and Nineveh, has died, at the age of sixty-eight years, at Achères, near Poissy.

Two familiar quotations have baffled all attempts to ascertain their authors—"Consistency, thou art a jewel," and "Though lost to sight, to memory dear."

A new work by Mr. Matthew Arnold is announced, but the title is not given.

Kossuth is writing his autobiography, which is to be published in six languages simultaneously.

Walt Whitman has been translated into French. The way of the translator is hard.

Mr. Howitt is engaged on a volume of Quaker history and biography.

Scientific Notes.

M. DEROCHE, proprietor of the chateau of Montigny, in France, possesses in its neighborhood a large sheet of pure, limpid water, abundantly stocked with carps. M. Deroche, having for many years observed an extraordinary degree of mortality prevailing among the dozens of his fish-pond in the early part of spring of each year, the eyes and part of the head of the dead carps being invariably covered with a thick film or web, resolved this year to turn off the water from the pond in order to discover the cause of the mortality. What was his surprise to find that one in every four of the carps bore upon its head a large toad, the two fore-feet of which were firmly fixed over the eyes of the unfortunate fish. With so much tenacity did they cling to their victims, that they had literally to be torn from off their heads. On the pond being thoroughly cleaned, the carps, freed from their aggressors, remained healthy, and thrived amazingly. It is thus seen that the toad, though so clumsy in form and motion, and apparently so helpless, has nevertheless the necessary instinct to turn aggressive, and to combat and vanquish a large fish. Possessing neither strength nor agility, it exercises cunning in seizing its victim, and perseverance in blinding it.

Sir William Thomson, in a paper on the "Size of Atoms" in *Nature*, thus sums up: "The four lines of argument which I have now indicated lead all to substantially the same estimate of the dimensions of molecular structure. Jointly they establish, with what we cannot but regard as a very high degree of probability, the conclusion that in any ordinary liquid, transparent solid, or seemingly opaque solid, the mean distance between the centres of contiguous molecules is less than the hundred-millionth, and greater than the two thousand-millionth, of a centimetre. To form some conception of the degree of coarse-grainedness indicated by this conclusion, imagine a rain-drop, or a globe of glass as big as a pea, to be magnified up to the size of the earth, each constituent molecule to be magnified in the same proportion. The magnified structure would be coarser-grained than a heap of small shot, but probably less coarse-grained than a heap of cricket-balls."

An ingenious machine has just been invented and patented by the Rev. Père Lievin Bouteux, director of the monastery of Saint-Joseph de Notre-Dame de la Trappe, at Forges (Hainaut), with which any man may pare from five hundred to one thousand pounds' weight of potatoes per hour. The tubers, half washed, are placed in a fixed drum pierced with holes forming a grater, the bottom of the drum is movable, and likewise pierced with holes. This movable bottom being set in motion, the potatoes are rubbed violently against each other, and against the grated sides of the drum, by which friction they are entirely divested of their skins. A tub underneath the drum receives the skins, and another beside the machine receives the potatoes pared and washed.

A scientific expedition to Brazil has been organized by Cornell University, the chief object of which is to make collections for the university museums. The geologist of the party will be Professor C. F. Hartt, the assistant of Agassiz in the latter's exploration of the Amazon region. The botanist is to be Professor A. N. Prentiss. A number of students attached to the College of Natural Science in the institution will take part in the expedition, and, in order that they may be fitted for their duties, they have been studying Portuguese during the past term.

M. Duplat, at Saint-Etienne, France, discovering a fine specimen of the viper tribe (*Crotalus berus*) asleep under the shadow of a vine-tree, imprisoned it in a bottle with a wide orifice. The viper, feeling it could not possibly escape, sunk its two fangs into its ventral part and died in a few seconds. Its body afterward swelled to double its original size. Like the scorpion, the viper knows the fatal effects of the deadly poison it carries, and, when hard pressed, puts an end to its own existence.

The Australian Society of Acclimatization has succeeded in introducing into the colony camels, alpacas, llamas, nightingales, fauvets, and canaries, besides trout, salmon, hares, rabbits, etc.; likewise all the fruit-trees, flowers, and domestic animals of Europe and America.

Miscellany.

William Tell.

FROM the fifteenth to the eighteenth century—that is to say, from its first invention until the introduction of criticism—the story of Tell, Tell's son, Gessler, and the celebrated apple trick, seems to have found general credence. Indeed, it was not safe to express any doubt on the subject; so much so that Guilliamann, who, writing toward the end of the sixteenth century, first discovered the anecdotal character of the incidents, took care, in publishing his history of ancient Switzerland, to keep his discovery to himself. "As to what you ask me about Tell," he writes to a friend, "although in my book on the ancient history of Switzerland I have conformed to the vulgar tradition on the subject, I must tell you that after mature reflection I look upon it all as a pure fable, the more so as I have not yet been able to find it mentioned in any writer or record more than a century old. The people of Uri are not agreed as to when Tell lived, and they can give no information as to his family or descendants, though many families still subsist who figured at the same period."

When, in the last century, Freudenberg ventured to publish his famous pamphlet, "William Tell, a Legend of Denmark," the work was publicly burned in the Altorf market-place by order of the magistrates of Uri. Of late years, however, the fabulous nature of the Swiss legend has been clearly demonstrated by the critics of Germany and German Switzerland; and, in the cantons most interested in regarding William Tell as an historic personage, his mythical character is now generally recognized. It was not until very lately that any question of the genuineness and authenticity of the Tell legends was raised in French Switzerland; but M. Rillet de Candolle published last year at Geneva a work on the "Origin of the Swiss Confederation," in which William Tell, as an actual personality, is quite put an end to. The legend of William Tell belongs to no fabulous age. The Swiss chroniclers of the fifteenth century were imprudent enough to fix the precise date of the incidents, which are alleged to have taken place in the year 1308. Yet no accounts of the incidents is to be met with until more than a century and a half afterward. The battle of Morgarten, 1315, in which the men of Schwyz liberated themselves forever from Austria, found three contemporary historians; but not one of them has a word to say about William Tell's insurrection, which should have taken place only seven years before, or of the feast of archery by which that insurrection is held to have been preceded. Nor, in the absence of historians and chroniclers, are there any contemporary poets in whose verses mention is made of William Tell or of the Three Swiss. On the contrary, the earliest known ballad on the subject is posterior to the earliest prose chronicle.

The legendary stories out of which Schiller formed the plot of his "William Tell" appeared for the first time about the year 1470, in the manuscript known as the "White Book." Until that time no one had ever heard of William Tell or of the three Swiss patriots. But the anonymous author of the "White Book" knew exactly what had taken place one hundred and sixty-three years before—as, for instance, that a bailiff of Sarnen, named Landenberg, had been ordered to seize the oxen of poor man belonging to Melchi (whence "Melchthal"), and, being attacked in the execution of his duty, had put the poor man's eyes out; that various acts of oppression had been committed by an Austrian governor named Gessler; and that the victims of these acts, belonging to Obwald, Nidwald, and Schwyz, had formed a league to resist and over-

throw the Austrian domination. For the canton of Uri, the cradle of Helvetic liberty, another anecdote had to be provided; and the author of the "White Book" did not hesitate to adapt one from the Danish. He had read in the "Danish History" of Saxo-Grammaticus—an abridgment of which, in German, was published in 1430—the story of Tokko, one of King Harold's soldiers, who, boasting of his skill as an archer, was ordered to shoot an apple from the head of his own son. Substituting Tell for Tokko, Gessler for Harold, and throwing in plenty of local color, the author of the "White Book" turned the old Danish story into a capital story of Switzerland. The hat fixed on a pole, before which all who passed were to bow, is an effective detail added by the adapter himself, whose tale is certainly more complete and far more dramatic than the one told by Saxo-Grammaticus.

What, it will be asked, was the moral origin of the anecdotes on Swiss affairs inserted in the "White Book"? M. Hungerbühler and Professor Vaucher agree in attributing their invention to a political motive. About the middle of the fifteenth century the citizens of Zurich were well disposed toward Austria, and professed great contempt for the people of Schwyz, with whom they were at war. Songs ridiculing the peasantry of Schwyz were composed, and Canon Hemmerlin, in a treatise on the nobility, represented them as a vile race, who had dared to shake off their allegiance to their lawful master, the prince of the house of Hapsburg. It was probably, then, in reply to the attacks of Hemmerlin that the author of the "White Book," meeting invention with invention, introduced into his work the tales of Austrian tyranny and Swiss courage which together make up the story of William Tell. The majority of legends may be described as poetical formations around a simple fact; but in the case of the William Tell legend the simple fact seems to have been wanting. Instead, moreover, of getting pulled to pieces like other legends in which, as time goes on, the false gets gradually separated from the true, the legend of William Tell went on prospering and increasing from century to century, and from generation to generation. The Swiss soil must certainly have been well suited for its reception, for it at once struck root and grew, and now, whatever criticism may say, is for poetical purposes indestructible.

Greek Romances.

The "Tales of Miletus," which may be regarded as the nearest representatives in antiquity of the modern novel, are attributed to one Aristides, who lived about 100 B.C.; in all probability, however, he only collected them, and the origin of the stories themselves is to be referred to the flourishing period of that state, the century preceding the Persian wars. The stories of Sybaris also, two of which are preserved in Aristophanes, were widely known. In addition to these, which treated of human beings, there existed at the same period a large class of beast-stories, which are thought to have come from India by way of Assyria, and to have passed into Greece from Asia Minor, of which country Aesop was a native. Further, it was the tendency of the seventh and eighth centuries before Christ to throw historical incidents into the form of romances, and for this treatment the Asiatic stories, from the strange views of life which they presented to a Greek, furnished a rich material. Thus Midas, from being a king and a devotee of Dionysus, comes to be represented as a satyr, with pointed ears, and afterward as having ass's ears; whence the story was still further developed by the humor of the Greeks. This tale is said to be the only one which has travelled from West to East, and to have been naturalized in India. The fame of the Lydian kingdom caused many stories to be imported from thence into Greece. Such was the tale of Candaces and Gyges, of which several versions are found in Greek authors, and the numerous ones that gather round the person of Croesus, who seems, like Saladin in the middle ages, to have formed a central figure for such romances. This explains the very different conceptions of his character—as a warrior, and an effeminate prince; as blinded in judgment, and a prudent counsellor. The same love of romance-writing accounts for the hardihood with which chronology is violated in making Solon visit his court, a circumstance which is also introduced into the history of Aesop. Events in the annals of the Medes and Persians are similarly utilized, and receive a Greek coloring, and, as in the story of the physician Democedes, are mixed with Greek incidents. A further cause, besides curiosity, which tends to produce stories at this period of a people's development, is the introduction of a more balanced and more realistic estimate of men's characters than was furnished by the ideal standard—in Greece the heroic, in mediæval Europe the saintly—which had prevailed before. Now, the desire of a more intimate knowledge of human nature is of the essence of the romance; and thus we find that many of the popular Greek stories of this time turn on peculiar traits of character. In the tale of "Rhamphaiitus's Treasury," of which several versions are found, it is the triumph of cleverness and cunning; in that of "Hippocleides," it is the sprightliness of ready reply—a point on which numerous stories in the "Decameron" turn—in that of "Itaphernes's Wife," who chooses that her brother should be spared in preference to her husband and children, it is the paradoxical view of the claims of relationship;

in the "Margites," it is the humorous element in the character of a fool. The Greek tyrants, from their strong individuality and their patronage of art, naturally become the subjects of romances. The ring of Polycrates, and the dark annals of the house of Periander, are among the most popular materials for tales; and, in particular, the story of Lycophron, the son of the last-named prince, is so truly dramatic, that it could hardly have failed to form the groundwork of a great tragedy, had not the Greek drama been absolutely devoted to the circle of mythical and heroic subjects.

Silver Plate.

The accumulation of plate in old families in England was only realized in 1862, when an exhibition of art-treasures was held in the building of the South Kensington Museum, to which nearly every great family sent liberal contributions. The Earls of Stamford and Warrington were for a long time under the necessity, in order to comply with the terms of an ancestor's will, of buying a certain amount of plate every year, and nearly every thing in their house, for which silver was at all suitable, was made of that metal. The Duke of Buccleuch has a famous collection. He inherits through an ancestress, who was one of the daughters and coheiresses of the great Duke of Marlborough, some of the splendid silver-ware of that rapacious warrior, and has, besides, great hoards from various other sources. The Marquis of Exeter, the direct lineal descendant of the great Lord-Treasurer Burleigh, is also very rich in the same way; his famous "Burleigh House by Stamford Town" being filled with valuable articles, many dating from the lord-treasurer's time. At Knole, a grand old mansion in Kent, formerly the residence of the Dukes of Dorset, is a room in which almost every article is of silver or massively overlaid therewith. It was furnished by the then lord-treasurer—who, it may be fairly inferred, made a good thing out of his post—for James I.'s occupation on a visit. The plate held in most esteem in England is that of the time of Queen Anne, for which the most extravagant prices are frequently given by amateurs. The universities are rich in silver; but in many of the Oxford colleges they have none earlier than the time of Charles II., having given what they had before to Charles I., to help him in "the troubles." It is the custom for families, when leaving London or England, to send their plate-chests to their bankers; and some London firms have immense amounts in their cellars, which have been lying there for years and years. In one case a very celebrated firm some time since proceeded to examine unclaimed chests of plate which had been an extraordinary length of time in its possession, and had, it seemed, been entirely overlooked and forgotten, and the contents were distributed among those persons who, after careful inquiry, appeared to have a just claim to them.

The Prevalent Fashions.

A French paper complains bitterly of the present fashions. According to it, the laws of taste have been repealed, and all is in confusion. Women are such slaves to fashion, that they adopt all sorts of ugly and ruinous trappings. If the autocrats of the scissors and thimble insisted on dressing them in dusters, they would not murmur; some seven or eight hundred francs would be spent on a costume which, when the fancy for it had passed off, would at least serve to wipe the dishes. This would be something, for many of the useless adjuncts to dress are useless when the rage for them is over. Bonnets are worn which do not cover the head or shield the face from dust, sun, and wind. The improbable and impossible braids of hair worn with these bonnets deceive no one, and do no good to any one but the hairdresser. Crinoline has, indeed, entirely disappeared, but in its stead we have starched petticoats, with puffs, ballooning, perpendicular trimmings, horizontal trimmings, etc., to a bewildering extent. Little plates poised on the forehead serve as hats, and broad ribbons are twisted round the neck, in consideration of which excess the ends of the sash are curtailed. Skirts are not worn long enough to display the elegance of a train, or short enough to be convenient for walking. But, as regards convenience, great novelties are promised for travelling and sea-side costumes. Such modifications are to be made in feminine attire that a school-boy out for the holidays will, it seems, be the fashionable model.

The National Photographic Association.

The second annual exhibition and meeting of the National Photographic Association of the United States will be held in Cleveland, Ohio, beginning Tuesday, June 7th. The announcement of the managers gives an insight of the growth of photography which makes one marvel. Although a mere novice may, after a few short lessons, produce images of some sort upon paper, glass, wood, linen, various metals, etc., yet, to produce good specimens of the art, much technical skill is required. There now appear to be masters of photography as well as masters in other professions. That there may be more such, and that photography may hold the position among the industrious and fine arts that its attainments claim for it, the earnest men of the profession have organized this National Association, and, by meeting and mixing with

each other, going over their trials and difficulties of manipulation together, exchanging ideas, and by the exhibition, on a grand scale, of their works for mutual study, they hope to advance and attain their great purpose. At Cleveland, productions from artists all over the world nearly will be exhibited, besides apparatus, chemicals, and other articles of manufacture, pertaining to the art. Various processes of photographic printing by mechanical means will be shown; photographs made by the magnesium and electric lights; gigantic exhibitions of glass transparencies; and so on. It promises to be a grand affair, and is a praiseworthy enterprise, worthy of success. The organ of the association is the *Philadelphia Photographer*.

Louis Napoleon.

Froude, the historian, in a recent article credits Louis Napoleon with having been the main agent in liberating Europe from the incubus of Russian influence by the Crimean War, and of freeing Italy from the Austrian yoke by the war of 1859; with having increased the wealth of France enormously, its commerce fourfold, its railway communication sevenfold; with having pretty steadily exerted himself to form and preserve a cordial alliance with England; with having inaugurated a wiser and sounder commercial policy; and with having, by means of his "open-loan" system, introduced a new investment for the savings of the peasantry, and thus at once improved their income and reduced the exorbitant price of land. On the other hand, he debits the emperor, with enormous financial extravagance on his own part, and with being the cause of a similar vice in nearly every state in Europe; with having increased the annual expenditure of France by ten millions sterling a year; with having more than doubled the national debt; with having largely increased his own standing army, and compelled the surrounding nations to do the same to an extent that cannot be calculated with any accuracy; with having involved Europe in no less than three wars, and having thus, in one way or another, cost the world since his accession one million of lives and five hundred millions of money, besides having largely contributed to lower the tone of political and probably of social morality also, and having stimulated to excess that passion for mere material luxury and well-being which is one of the worst and most dangerous national features of the day.

The Sleeping Lady.

She lay upon a bed of thyme,
Within a dim, umbrageous nook,
Amid wild rose and eglantine,
Beside the music of a brook.
The branches met above her head,
And screened her from the glowing sky,
While blithe birds twittered round her bed,
And sang a pleasant lullaby.
It was a strangely witching place,
Such freshness lingered in the air,
And seemingly the elfin race
Had held their nightly revels there.
A rustic fountain's tinkling low
Fell softly on the listener's ear,
And bright fish darted to and fro,
And sported in the waters clear.
This was her haunt; her loosened hair
In golden wealth around her lay;
Her eyes were closed, but on her fair
And tempting lips a smile did play.
Then I approached with stealthy tread;
Bent o'er her form—soon all was o'er,
My dreams dispelled, away I went,
For I could swear I heard her snore!

Caucasus.

Kochtantau is the highest summit of the Caucasian range of mountains, measuring in height seventeen thousand and ninety-five feet, the next being Dychtau, measuring sixteen thousand nine hundred feet. The highest peak of the whole region is the Elburz, measuring eighteen thousand five hundred and ninety-five feet; it, however, is a volcano, and is not situated in the great mountain-range. In the eastern district of Caucasus the principal mountain is called Bassard-Chousi, measuring fourteen thousand seven hundred and twenty-two feet. From Elburz to the Adai-Chooch, the central mountain range never descends beneath the altitude of ten thousand feet, its numerous peaks being half-way covered with perpetual snows and ice. All the torrents rising on its southern declivities flow southward and pass through the lesser Caucasian range in front of the main system at this point. Between the Adai-Chooch and the Kasbek, the contrary takes place: two large rivers, the Terek and the Ordon, rising in the southern portion of the lesser chain, pass through the main range and flow northward. The valley of Ingour presents a scene of unequalled grandeur and magnificence, the moun-

tains forming it soaring frequently to the height of fifteen thousand feet, assuming fantastic shapes, abounding in frightful precipices, the different zones of cultivated fields, and variegated forests, gradually rising and changing until lost in the regions of perpetual ice and snow.

English Insanity.

The English journals state that there is no doubt of the rapid increase of insanity in the British islands. In the course of ten years the number of recorded lunatics has increased forty-five per cent. During the last ten years, asylum accommodation has been enlarged by nearly two-thirds, and yet the lunatics detained in workhouses in 1869 were close upon three thousand more than in 1860. At the same time the pauper-insane distributed in lodgings have advanced from five thousand nine hundred and eighty to six thousand nine hundred and eighty-seven. Consumption and scrofula are also said to be rapidly increasing, and the cause of their increase, and also of that of insanity, is supposed to be poverty. A degenerate state of body tends to produce a weak mind, and the *Journal of Science* affirms that insanity is due far more frequently to insufficient nutriment, to poverty, and to physical deterioration, than to the severe mental strain which is so often demanded in the present day from the upper and middle classes. The increase of lunacy is not to be found among educated men, but is to be traced almost wholly to the pauper class. In proof of this, it is enough to state that, in the five years ending January 1, 1867, the increase of private patients in asylums was thirty-six, while the increase of pauper lunatics during the same period was five thousand and forty-nine.

Freemasonry.

Freemasonry has come to the front lately in two distant parts of Europe. It was the masonic lodges of Madrid that conducted the funeral of Don Enrique de Bourbon a few days ago, filling the chamber of death with masonic symbols, and placing on the coffin, with the dead prince's sword and sash, more masonic emblems, and sending six hundred fellow-masons as mourners to his grave. Again, though the fraternity takes no part in political or ecclesiastical contests generally, the Grand-Lodge at Baireuth has now broke this transcendental silence, and issued a circular directing attention to the proceedings of the Ecumenical Council, vindicating the right of the society to exist in spite of ecclesiastical opposition, and calling upon members to perform the moral duties with real exactitude, and uphold the freedom of science and of conscience. The adhesion of the Prince of Wales has given masonry a fresh spurt in England.

The Merchants' Life-Insurance Company.

Prominent among the new enterprises of the day is the Merchants' Life-Insurance Company of New York, whose office is at 257 Broadway. Its president, W. T. Phipps, is well known in insurance circles as a most sagacious underwriter, to whom several of the existing life-insurance companies are greatly indebted for able counsel. The company is on the mutual plan, the policies are non-forfeitable, and the method of business of the most liberal character. T. C. De Leon, well known in the South, is the superintendent of Southern agencies, and is now travelling in that section in behalf of the company.

Scandinavia.

The following statistics prove to what a degree education is spread throughout the three Scandinavian countries, and more especially throughout Denmark. Denmark, containing 1,700,000 inhabitants, possesses no fewer than 119 publishing firms and 263 public libraries. Norway, with 1,750,000 inhabitants, has 60 publishing firms and 124 public libraries. Sweden, with 4,160,000 inhabitants, has 114 publishing firms, and 162 public libraries.

Varieties.

HERE is a scene reported from the Paris Correctional Court: "Prisoner, what were you doing on the boulevard?" "I was walking there." "How! at two o'clock in the morning?" "There is no article in the Code which says I may not walk on the boulevard at two o'clock in the morning." "Where do you live?" "I prefer not to answer that, on account of my creditors." "One question more—what do you do for a living?" "I sell second-hand toothpicks."

A gentleman was describing to Douglas Jerrold the story of his courtship and marriage, how his wife had been brought up in a convent, and was on the point of taking the veil, when his presence burst upon her enraptured sight, and she accepted him as her husband. Jerrold listened to the end, and quietly remarked: "She simply thought you better than *me*."

Of the enormous brazen and marble population of Rome, only three statues or groups—the two horses of the Quirinal Hill and the Mar-

Aurelius of the Capitol—have always been above ground. Nearly all that now exists in Italy of ancient sculpture has been the produce of excavation, and the process still goes on.

Lawyers have a ludicrous habit of identifying themselves with their clients by speaking in the plural number. "Gentlemen of the jury," said a Western lawyer, "at the moment the policeman says he saw us in the trap, I will prove that we were locked up in the station-house, in a state of intoxication."

At a recent church-meeting in New Albany, Indiana, one of the participants, on rising to relate his experience, exhibited considerable embarrassment, and began his remarks by saying, "I feel—I feel—I feel," and then broke down completely. The company at first thought the brother was going to sing "Shoo-Fly."

Marshal Prim recently made a present to the Emperor Napoleon of twenty thousand cigars, with gilt ends, and ornamented with the imperial "N," also gilt, on each cigar, which is estimated to be worth one and a half francs. In return, the emperor has sent to the Spanish marshal a pair of vases of Sèvres manufacture.

A London journal recently mentioned Mr. Herman Melville as an American author; upon which an intelligent English correspondent sent it the following funny correction:

"Permit me to inform such of your readers as may not be aware of the circumstance, that the above name is understood to be a pseudonym for Mr. Herman Merivale, C. B., Under-Secretary of State for India. I presume that he has sowed all such wild oats by this time."

Such is fame. The author of "Typee" must look to his laurels. A similar instance of English ignorance was exhibited in the London *Queen* for April 23d, in which the following appeared among the literary notes and queries:

POEM WANTED.—Where can I find Thackeray's verses called "Sheridan's Ride?"—L. D.

A Mrs. Hannah Jones piously raised a tablet to the memory of the departed Jones, who had been a hosier, the inscription on which, after recording his many virtues, wound up with the following couplet:

"He left his hose, his Hannah, and his love,
To go and sing hosannah in the realms above."

A vulgar man, who had become rich in Paris, was anxious to marry his only son to one of the daughters of a marquis. "I wish you would let my son marry one of your girls," said he. "Certainly," said the marquis, "which does he want; the girl that waits in the kitchen, or the girl that washes?"

A number of ladies in Paris have formed themselves into a society for the purpose of reforming the fashions; that is to say, to reduce the present extravagant expenditure on dress. They call their association *L'Union des Femmes Chrétiennes*. Each lady promises to spend so much and no more on her toilet annually, and to pay ready money.

Counsel occasionally are a little unintelligible. We remember once hearing one ask: "Mr. Witness, where was you when you *see that whistle sound?*" Another rather difficult question to answer was: "How did he seem to get out of that wagon, of his own accord, or jump out, or voluntarily, or how?"

One of the modern specimens of fast ladies who wish to be men, in some respects, has been reading law. She is now in agonizing doubts as to her being a wife. She says: "Marriage is the greatest lottery in life;" and, as "lotteries are illegal," the inference is harrowing.

Some time since a gentleman died who during life refused to believe in any future punishment. Two or three weeks after his demise his wife received through a medium a communication, which read as follows: "Dear wife, I now believe. Please send me my thin clothes and a barrel of ice-water."

Hero is the pitliest sermon ever preached: "Our ingress in life is naked and bare; our progress through life is trouble and care; our egress out of it we know not where; but doing well here we shall do well there."

In many New-England towns "squire" is a kind of hereditary title, and when the "squire" is also a deacon he has reached an eminence of social position which leaves him quite indifferent to any further elevation.

In an English trial for breach of promise of marriage, lately, a letter was read from the lover, which, among many other nice things, contained the following frank and gracious suggestion: "If I was you, dearest, I would take that beastly flower out of your hair."

A Georgia railroad-conductor was dismayed, the other day, in finding on his train a family of eight, every one of whom was an idiot, and did not know whither they were going or where they came from. He relieved himself from embarrassment by putting them off the train.

"Don't beat your carpets," says some kind-hearted person; "try

kindness and firmness, and, if that doesn't keep them down, send for a policeman, and have them taken up."

A writer, making the overland journey from Europe to India, thinks that the peculiarities of Oriental life which first suggest themselves to the tourist are dirt, heat, and fleas.

The French Countess de Begorien, less than thirty years of age, has perfectly white hair, made so by watching a single night by the bedside of her dying child.

In experimenting in London recently on telegraphy, messages were sent to Teheran, in Persia, a distance of three thousand seven hundred miles, and answers were received in thirty seconds.

The Marquis of Hertford was the original of Mr. Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne, in "Vanity Fair," and also of Mr. Disraeli's Marquis of Monmouth, in "Coningsby."

A missionary in Rio Janeiro says that nearly every Brazilian who wishes to be thought respectable belongs to the masonic order, and even the priests are masons, in spite of the pope's excommunication.

There are said to be in Europe about twenty-five hundred theatres, and more than eighteen thousand concert-halls. Germany boasts a greater number of both than any other country.

Look before you speak. Asking a lady what her accomplishments are, is, generally speaking, harmless enough. Still, in these days, it might in some cases cause embarrassment to put the question, "Do you paint?"

A tiger was recently shot on the road between Mool and Chandah, India, who is supposed to have killed and devoured one hundred and twenty-seven human victims.

The theatre at Pompeii has been reopened, after an interval of eighteen hundred years, with "The Child of the Regiment."

A youthful belle named Fanny Joy has just married. She was a thing of beauty, but had no desire to remain a Joy forever.

The expenses of Girard College, last year, amounted to one hundred and sixty-five thousand seven hundred and twenty dollars.

The slag from iron blast-furnaces is now used in Brussels and Paris for paving, and surpasses the best natural stones in strength.

A fashionable bit of slang in Paris is "*As senat.*" It means, "You are such an old idiot that you are only fit for the Senate."

In playing poker, a good deal depends on good playing, and good playing on a good deal.

An Englishman has offered Victor Hugo five hundred thousand francs for a lecturing tour in England.

Mr. Greeley says that the solution of the question whether woman is equal to man depends upon who the woman is, and who the man is.

Mr. Wake, of London, wakes the interest of the world by asserting that Madagascar was the original seat of human civilization.

Chief-Judge Cole, of Iowa, favors woman's suffrage, looking upon it as the grand preventive for crime, lawlessness, and intemperance.

Among the articles recently discovered at Pompeii are a very rare glass oil-lamp and a night-lamp, like those in modern use.

The London *Athenaeum* is of opinion that one-fourth of the population of France are lunatics.

A capital letter—the property-holder who lets his houses at reduced rents.

A celebrated wit was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," replied he; "Hook and eye are old associates."

Don't go to church with a cough, and disturb the rest of the congregation.

Pope Innocent XII. excommunicated all who used tobacco in any form, while Pius IX. smokes and uses snuff.

Sixteen million bottles of champagne were produced in France last year, of which more than three-fourths were exported.

There are over ten thousand attorneys on the English law-rolls.

Killing Indians in Iowa is considered justifiable Sioux-cide.

The new opera-house at Dresden is to have an invisible orchestra.

The Museum.

THE hand of Providence draws freely from the vegetable kingdom to satisfy our pleasures and our wants. The petals of the rose, the jasmine, and the tuberos, are steeped in precious essences, which perfume the air all around them; from other plants, such as the min-

rosemary, balm, and lavender, the odoriferous oils exhale from all their tissues. The sugar-cane fills its pith with a substance that for many ages has contributed to man's pleasure; the trunks and fruits of some curious trees are quite covered with a thick coat of wax, exactly similar to that of the bee, and which is used instead of it for giving light and other purposes.

Among these is the wax-palm, found in the Andes. In the candle-berry myrtle, the substance exudes from the fruit, and is extracted by simply boiling it. Some vegetable secretions form in the stems of the trees, such as in the pine, which, after incisions in the bark, yield their treasures to the use of man. The beautiful tree of the family of *Sapotaceae*, once considered useless, now supplies one of the most valuable substances known to commerce — gutta-percha. The butter-tree supplies the negroes of the Niger with a secretion which they substitute for the ingredient used in our kitchen, and with which they prepare all their food. No tree, probably, pre-



Extracting Milk from the Cow-tree.

NOTICE.

"RALPH THE HEIR," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, is now publishing in APPLETONS' JOURNAL. It appears in Supplements, once a month, the first issued being with No. 43, and has been continued in supplements accompanying Nos. 46, 50, 54, and 59.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," by CHARLES DICKENS, is also now publishing in this JOURNAL, each monthly part, as published in England, issued with one number of the JOURNAL complete. Part First appeared with Journal No. 56; Part Second with No. 61.

"THE THREE BROTHERS," so far as printed in the JOURNAL up to Jan. 1st, has been published in pamphlet-form, and will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of thirty cents.

"THE LADY OF THE ICE," by JAMES DE MILLE, was commenced in Number Fifty-three of the JOURNAL, and will be completed in Number Sixty-five.

pare in its invisible laboratories such precious crystals as the cinchona, which has the power of averting deadly fevers in their progress; without it many countries would be uninhabitable, many journeys impossible. In some trees the bark secretes aromatics which are highly prized, such as the cinnamon-tree. The nutmeg-tree selects its fruit instead of the bark as a storehouse for its aroma. The camphor-laurel spreads its juices through all its roots, stems, and leaves. In Caracas, South America, grows the cow-tree, which, when its trunk is wounded, furnishes an abundant supply of milk, of which the traveler can confidently drink freely, for it unites all the qualities of the milk of our domestic animal, which it entirely replaces in some countries. Our engraving gives an illustration of this singular tree, the scientific name of which is *Galactodendron utile*. There are numerous other trees whose secretions are of use to man; and there are also the fearful cohort of deadly plants — but our brief reference must close.

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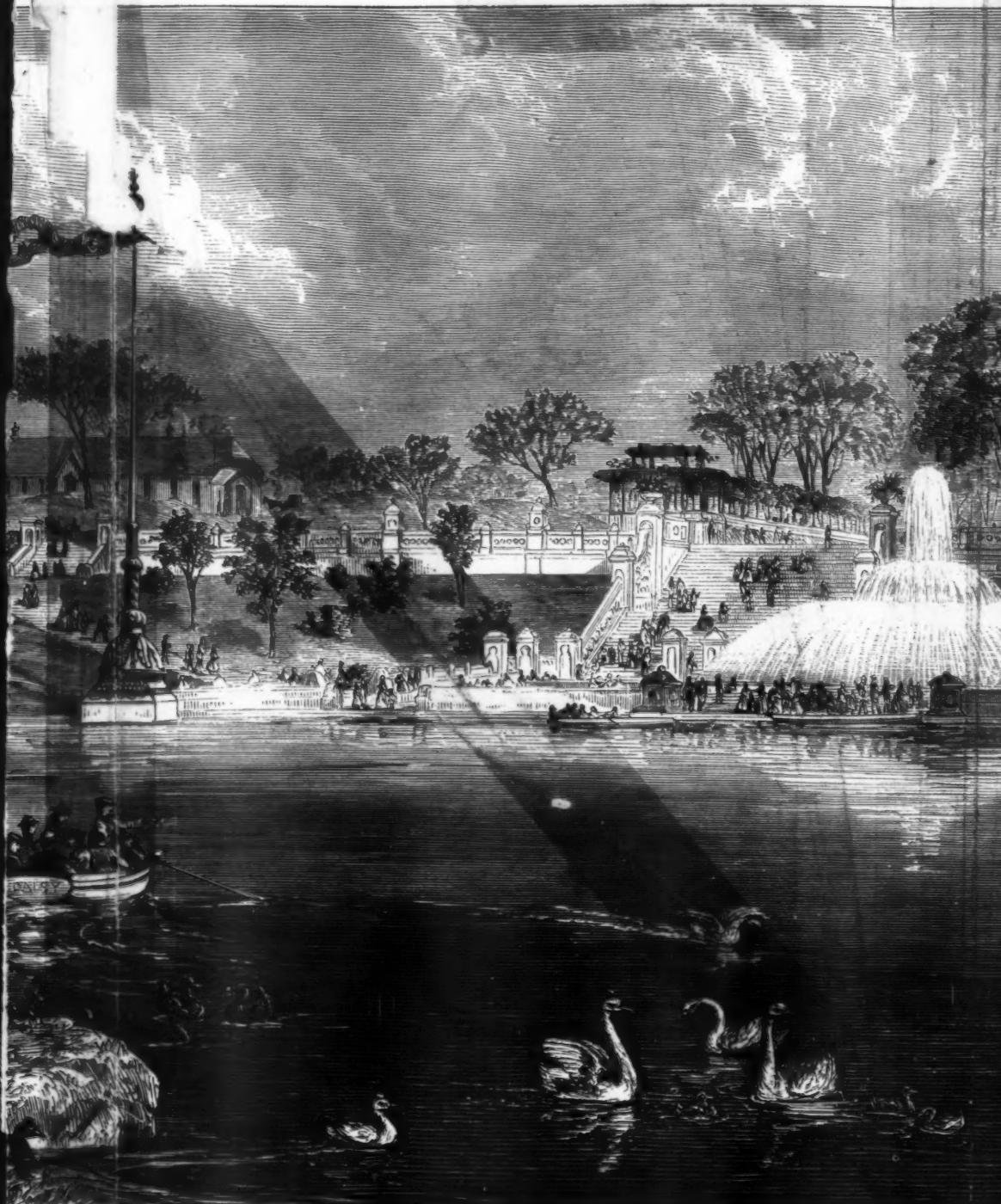
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